

The Pacific

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OPENING OF THE STREET RAILROAD BRANCH.—The enterprise of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association is most commendable, and their work is reaching out in the various quarters of the city. Last Thursday evening they opened a branch of their work for street railroad men at the corner of Fell and Baker streets, the building having been erected by Mr. Monroe Greenwood and rent furnished free by that gentleman for the purpose of the association. The whole lower floor of the new building is fitted up in the most unique and attractive manner, and the quarters are furnished exceedingly attractive. A complete branch of the work in all its departments will be inaugurated at this point.

RAMBLES IN THE ORIENT—XI. THROUGH THE RED SEA.

Once more on the sea after a few hours on shore. Though our stay in Aden was short, still it greatly added to our enjoyment, and there is this to be said in favor of returning to America by way of India and Europe, that the longest distance between any two ports is only about seven days, and the scenes are constantly changing, so that the traveler seldom wearies of the journey. I must say that I have not had a lonely hour from Hongkong to Aden, for scarcely a day passes without some new scene, it may be only a ship, but more often it is a rocky island, which stands out like some lone sentinel in the sea, a memorial of the divine power, when He made the heavens and the earth, and divided the waters from the land. It was a little before one o'clock on the 5th of March that the steamer slowly moved out of the Aden harbor towards the Straits of Babel Mandeb, or, as the meaning indicates, "Gate of Tears." What a mournful and sad name! Has it gained this name because of its narrow passage, where formerly many wrecks occurred? Hardly, for the Arabian and Somali boats would not founder in low water, since their appearance is very much the same as the Chinese junk, only that the large mast is placed in the center, and the other near the bow of the vessel, and are a little larger than the common Chinese boats. We arrived at these straits at 8 p. m., and hence did not see anything except the lights on the Island of Perim. This island is one and a half miles long and about 245 feet above the level of the sea, and contains an excellent harbor, where 40 ships can anchor. Sir David Baird captured it in 1798, and the East India Company had a garrison here in 1857. It has been fortified by Great Britain, and is really the Gibraltar of the Red Sea, and guards securely the narrow passage entering the same. It is a barren and rocky island, with little or no vegetation, and has very much the appearance of Aden. After entering the Red Sea, a number of islands are passed, and among them are the so-called Twelve Apostles, the last one of them being Judas; but how they came to bear their names is unknown to me. Indeed I am a daily living question mark, especially when I hear an Arabian name pronounced; and I find that the spelling of these places varies exceedingly, very much like the Chinese, when we attempt to write it with English letters.

I am afraid I should have a difficult task to teach geography now, for I should be obliged to question a little every way of spelling. For instance, when I look at an English map I find Socotra spelled in this way, So-co-tra; but when I examine the German map, I see it So-co-to-ra; but what the natives call it may be entirely different.

And now we are on the Red Sea, which the children of Israel crossed, but they did not cross it in its widest part, for then they would have had to travel 150 miles. The sea is said to be 1,100 miles long, and from 80 to 150 miles wide. The name was given to it on account of the red coral found upon its shores, as some say, or because Edom borders upon it, which means red. Some also say that it is because the sea is at times covered with grasshoppers for two days, which give to the sea a red color. Nearly every day we pass several steamers, and the report of a new steamer in sight scarcely awakens any interest among the passengers.

On the morning of the last day, Mt. Sinai appeared in sight, but oh, how bleak and barren the mountains appeared! To our right is Arabia, with its barren mountains, whose huge crevices are filled with sand. Not a spear of grass is visible anywhere, and the whole is one barren waste. Is this the place where the children of Israel wandered, and where Moses received the Ten Commandments at the hand of God, and did the Almighty feed that great company of people among these barren and wild mountains? Was it here that he thundered with a great thunder, and caused the children of Israel to quake with fear? To the left lies the coast of Africa and the beach is one long, sandy and desert plain, while the mountains in the distance are as devoid of vegetation as the mountains around Sinai. To some extent these mountains appear very much like some of our California mountains, though the latter are not so barren and sterile as these rocky mountains and sandy deserts. The waters of the Gulf of Suez are as placid and still as a landlocked river over which no storms sweep. The distance from one side to the other does not appear to be more than seven or eight miles. The scenery constantly changes; now the barren mountains descend close to the shore, followed by a long and desert waste of sand between the mountains and the shore, while the air is quite bracing and chilly.

Once, while passing over the bosom of the Red Sea, the winds swept down upon us and caused our ship to pitch and toss so furiously that nearly all the lady passengers retired to their cabins, and I thought of that storm that separated the waters to permit the children of Israel to pass. In thought I tried to realize that difficult journey of the Israelites across the sea and from the head of the Gulf of Suez down to Sinai across the barren waters, and I felt more sympathy with them than I ever did before; for I can easily see why, with their little faith, they should commence to doubt the wise Providence when they found no sheltering tree to protect them from the

burning rays of the desert sun, and when they had little or nothing to eat. Surely our modern aesthetics would have murmured much more, yea the majority of our church members of the present day would have murmured not only against Moses, but even against God. I am afraid that two or three millions of our Christians would not behave any better than those ancient people. They were wrong in not trusting God, but we who have learned better and enjoy greater comforts are more often wrong, and murmur amid greater blessings. I can almost see that great host, marching along that sandy desert, and hear the piteous cries from the thirsty ones. No wonder that the palm trees of Elin were delightful, when around them was nothing but rocks, and, yet, God is even here in these barren wastes, and it was here that Moses saw Him in all his majesty; ah! that is just like our God. He does not reveal himself amid plenty and the beauties of his creation, but rather amid the jagged peaks and barren mountains his voice is heard in grandeur and majesty; and so it is in our daily Christian life; he comes to us nearest when we are passing through some wilderness of sorrow and of woe. Yes, God is everywhere; and, though we often think that a part of his creation is too barren and too void of sustaining human life, yet, even here, he manifests himself in power, and thus will he reveal his love and kindness in all the desert ways of our earthly pilgrimage; we shall more often hear his voice in the wilderness of some mighty grief than in the highest joys and pleasures that this world may bring to us. O Sinai, teach us not to murmur but to listen to the command of the Almighty, and, listening, to obey all his precepts.

How well has Portugal's greatest poet (Louis de Camoes) described Arabia's inhospitable shores, for he says the shores are "arid, bare, barren and deformed, abhorred by nature, where neither bird is seen to fly, nor beast to repose, no clear stream ran, nor fountain bubbled, nor green tree murmured in the wind"; and this is Arabia as far as I have seen it; still I have no doubt but that it presents a more favorable appearance in other parts of the country of Islam, where the solitary and desolate aspect of nature is not so prominent. At the head of the Gulf of Suez, and not a great distance from Suez, is the well of Moses, evidently the same place where the children of Israel found ten wells of water and three score and ten palm trees, after the journey from the Red Sea. The place, however, now is not called Elin, and has only one well of water, behind which is built a small square house, while the palm trees are seen at the side and at the rear of the building. Never have I felt how pleasant the sight of those wells and palm trees must have been to the children of Israel until I beheld, in part, the desert over which they journeyed. In all our lives there are these wells of spiritual water where we may drink and be satisfied. Yes, even the palm trees of God's everlasting kindness overshadow us continually, and with this thought we bid adieu to the Red Sea, as the red lights of Aden appear in sight, and the ship drops her anchor.

C. R. HAGER.

IF ANY MAN DESTROYETH THE TEMPLE OF GOD, HIM SHALL GOD DESTROY.

I Cor. iii: 17.

What is the meaning of this passage? Does it relate to the impenitent, or to real Christians? Is the destruction spoken of, complete and irremediable? And, if it relates to Christians, what are we taught by it?

1. It relates not to believers, but to true disciples of Christ. This we infer from the connection. In the preceding part of this chapter Paul has likened himself to a wise architect, who has laid the foundation of the Christian Church. "Other foundations can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." If any man buildeth on this foundation he shall be saved. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon. If he build with wood, hay, stubble—inflammable and comparatively worthless material—his works shall be burned up. He shall suffer loss; shall be saved only so as by fire. He that buildeth with gold, silver, precious stones—things of great value, and not easily destroyed—shall receive a reward, not of debt, but of grace.

2. We learn from various passages of Scripture that there are degrees, both in punishments and rewards. That servant who knew his Lord's will, and did not according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes, while we read of some who shall receive "the greater damnation."

The parable of the laborers in the vineyard teaches the sovereignty of God, and perhaps also, the fact that all who believe and obey, even at the eleventh hour, shall be saved. But to infer from it that there will be one dead level of rewards, honors and glory in the future state, would be to directly contravene many other passages. To one is given rule over ten cities; to another rule over five. They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever. There is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; and one star differeth from another star in glory.

To the same effect is the teaching of the apostle in this chapter. All the Christians are building on Christ. But they are building in ways widely differing. It is as if one were putting up a

hut of bamboo or twigs, while another was erecting a magnificent structure of granite or marble.

The Holy Spirit takes up his abode in every Christian heart. Thus, every believer becomes a temple of God. But by every unseemly, unworthy act he inflicts loss upon that temple. He is building into it unfit material. And by so doing he inflicts loss upon himself. He will fail to attain that elevation and dignity which he might have attained by a nobler course of conduct.

It is somewhat Pauline to play upon words. Thus, when contending with those who would make circumcision a necessity in the Christian Church, he warns those to whom he wrote against the concision—the cutting down of the claims of spiritual religion to the level of carnal ordinances. And again he expresses the wish that those who were so fond of the use of the knife were cut off, or would cut themselves off from troubling the Church of Christ.

Note in like manner the double use of the Greek word *phithiro* in the text. One meaning of the word is to corrupt or vitiate. This is what is done by those who build unworthy material into the Christian life. They thereby dishonor the temple of God. They must themselves suffer the consequences. God will dishonor them. So long as they build on Christ, with however unworthy material, they do not completely destroy the temple of God. Neither does God completely destroy them.

4. Perhaps the English word which better expresses the apostle's idea is the word *degrade*. It has a twofold meaning, as has the Greek word which he employs. According to Webster *degrade* sometimes means "to lessen the value of; and debase; as, vice degrades a man." Again, it means to reduce from a higher to a lower rank, and strip of honors or keep from honors; to assign a lower place than would otherwise be assigned. If any man degrades the temple of God, him will God degrade. Every sin committed by a Christian keeps him from rising to that eminence in glory to which, by constant obedience, he would have attained.

This is essentially the meaning given by Conybeare and Howson in their "Life and Epistles of St. Paul." If any man do hurt to the temple of God, God shall do hurt to him. But we are not to regard the result as an arbitrary infliction of divine punishment. It is rather provided for in the immutable laws which God has established. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Diligence and faithfulness in the divine life will conduct to a high degree of glory. Remissness in duty, negligence in the use of means of grace, will necessarily result in lower attainments, and a less exalted position.

The apostle thus exhorts us to a diligent use of the means which God imparts to us to build worthily in the sure foundation. We should not be satisfied with barely attaining salvation, but should seek to do much for the Master, and so He will surely do much for us.

JOHN G. HALE.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

A Precaution.

Suppose my school-books should be put away, And lie for many years, from all eyes hid, Then be brought forth into the light of day To show some children what their grandfathers did.

I should be grave and saintly then, I'm sure— A dignified old lady, who would show All of the virtues on her face, demure. Appearing to have always been just so.

And then those books of mine would break the spell, Backhand, cross-written, printed, such as this: "Does Horace know that May is going to tell?" "Just prompt me if you see that I shall miss."

"Get Miss Ray talking on the forest laws." "Did you go to the fire in Mullins' block?" "Miss Ray is cross as thirteen sticks, because we asked to be excused at two o'clock."

"Mark Redmond's tie is in the latest style." "Read 'Huckleberry Finn' in study hours." And (written to be read across the aisle), "What makes Estella look so awful sour!"

So, lest my school-books should be put aside To tell about the young folk of to day, I will be careful that their covers hide No notes, nor slang, though written just in play.

SUTTER CITY. ADAH F. BATTELL.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

The Home of the Fern.

BY F. B. CLARK.

In a dell midst the hills, Where the sun never spills A ray on the longest day; And the cool water drips Through their feathery tips, I found them hiding away.

By a lichen-lined ledge, Oh! daintiest hedge Around a garden of moss, In the canyon's half glooms I beheld their fair plumes, Which breezes gracefully toss.

'Twas the home of the fern, And in fancy I turn To give a lingering look At the blue-tinted hills, With their murmuring rills And ferns, in Nature's great book. RAILROAD FLAT, August 1st.

Probably the largest meteor that ever reached the surface of the earth lies on the plains of Incuman, in South America, where it fell. It measures seven and a half feet in length, and weighs between fourteen and fifteen tons. Perhaps the next largest one is the one well known to tourists, that lies at the foot of a lesser mountain of the Alps range.

The rice crop of the United States is estimated at 33,500,000 to 33,000,000 bushels.

A sheep costs 33 cents at San Antonio.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON FOR DEC. 20. JOHN XXI: 1-23.

"Lo, I Am With You Always."

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

His resurrection marked the completion of our Lord's earthly ministry. The atonement, as involving sacrificial suffering, was at an end. Henceforth the sphere of his activity was to be the unseen spiritual world; and the dispassionate agency, that of the Comforter. Two points only remained to be secured. First, a demonstration of his resurrection as an actual fact; as a fact, moreover, involving no change in character or weakening of power. And, second, an indication of the changed relations which must henceforth prevail in preparation for the spiritual intercourse of the future. This would seem to be the reason for the forty days' intervening between his resurrection and his ascension. Before studying the special portion appointed for to-day, therefore, it may be well to group all that we know of those days together, and note their testimony to our glorified Lord. Two of his appearances we have already marked: first, to Mary Magdalene (Mark xvi: 9; John xxi: 11-18), and next, to the other women on their way from the sepulchre carrying tidings to the apostles (Matt. xxviii: 8-10). Later in the day he showed himself to Simon Peter—the one whose heart, perhaps, stood in the sorest need of such reassurance. He was already marked; he had made himself known to two disciples at Emmaus (Luke xxiv: 13-35; Mark xvi: 12); then, while rehearsing the events to the apostles assembled in secret—perhaps in the same upper room wherein the eucharist had been instituted—again the Lord Jesus manifested himself (Mark xvi: 7; Luke xxiv: 33, 36-43; John xx: 19-23). Of the events of the week following we have no hint; but of the succeeding Sunday we do know. At that time the apostolic company were assembled as before, Thomas being with them. In like mysterious manner the Lord also appears in their midst and, as we have seen, is the supreme teaching (John xx: 26-29). The scene changes to Galilee; where we look upon the little band gathered there obedient to the word of Christ (Matt. xxiv: 10). It is to this period we must refer the manifestation at the Sea of Tiberia (xli: 1-23).

Other appearances briefly referred to were that upon a mountain in Galilee (Matt. xxiv: 16-20), which is perhaps to be identified with that to the five hundred brethren at once" (I Cor. xv: 6); to James (I Cor. xv: 7); again to the whole company, and later still to the apostle Paul (I Cor. xv: 8; Acts ix: 3-8). Finally, we find the disciples once more at Jerusalem where the glorified Master, made himself visible, gave last instructions, led them out upon the hillsides of Olivet as far as to Bethany, and there, while his hands were outstretched in blessing, was parted from them, carried up into heaven; a cloud receiving him out of their sight, and down at the right hand of God (Luke xxiv: 50; Acts i: 9; Mark xvi: 19).

So was bridged over the chasm between the old life and the new; between the unrestricted intercourse of the three favored years of his earthly ministry, and the yet more blissful fellowship of the years to come. What did the disciples learn of Jesus during those forty days?

1. That he was really and truly alive. Death had not ended all. It had not thrown him into a sleep from which Gabriel's trumpet at last should wake him. It had not removed him to an unknown or inaccessible region. It had not diminished, by however small an amount, his power, or his interest in them, or his ability to help them. As to all these points, those repeated manifestations testified with the convincing force of a demonstration. Death had not changed him. The plots of his enemies had come to naught. Their temporary success had been only apparent. His submission to them had been the act of a victorious king, not the break-down of a defeated subject. All his claims were ratified; and the glory which he had with the Father shone upon their hearts, too. So they were prepared for Pentecost, and the dispensation of the Spirit. But what do we learn from these appearances? All which the disciples learned. These records are true. If anything is certain, it is that we have here the sober report of actual events. It is an intellectual impossibility that it should be otherwise. It would be a literary miracle. In some respects, indeed, the testimony is more weighty for us than for them. For, unconsciously, they themselves are photographed. We can appreciate their unreadiness for the new truth, and the amount of inertia which had to be overcome in producing conviction. The result is assurance doubly assured. The Lord Jesus Christ, in all his kingly majesty, death was swallowed up in victory.

2. They learned another fact—and we, through them. The risen life of Christ involves important changes. His relations to all earthly conditions, and to persons, were radically altered by the transformation. Up to that time his life had been a life of suffering, from that of other men? His support, for example, was dependent upon the same forces which operated in his disciples. His journeys from place to place were performed under precisely similar conditions. A locked door barred him out, as certainly as it did Thomas or Peter. His miraculous energy was exceptional, exercised only upon occasion. His presence was manifest through a visible form. Invisibility was the unusual condition. After the resurrection all was changed. He was not ordinarily visible. He appeared and disappeared at will, suddenly, unexpectedly, and under such guise, as now revealed, and now concealed, him. He traveled from Judea to Galilee, from Galilee to Caesarea, not only in a totally different light, but not only instantaneously, but wholly independent of ordinary means of locomotion. In these respects, his life during those forty days was in marked contrast with all that had gone before. Equally unlike were the relations he sustained to his disciples. The old, familiar, daily companionship ended on the crosses. That which succeeded the resurrection was fragmentary, and limited to comparatively few points. It will be remembered how he discouraged Mary, when, in the ardor of her joy, she clasped his feet, as if she would detain him; how, disappearing from her side, he was at once again, with the two disciples, vanishing from sight as soon as recognized; and again, without notice, in the midst of the company secretly gathered in an upper room, "the door being locked," speaking the few comforting words, then disappearing as mysteriously as he had come. All this points to relations and conditions of intercourse very different from the past. No one was unaffected by the changes. No one could associate with him upon the same old terms. No one, since then, has ever been able to come into the place thus vacated.

3. His life, under these new conditions, moreover, was characterized by a gradual development. There seems to have been something analogous to the beginning and progress of his earthly life; a steadily stronger grasp upon its forces; and growing freedom from former limitations. Certain it is that, more and more, he did, during those days, become, to the disciples, a spiritual presence; and they were taught to regard him in a totally different light than before. And so, when the final parting came upon the slope of Olivet, it was without that distressing loneliness which had overwhelmed them at Joseph's tomb. They returned, says the record, "with great joy, and were continually in the Temple blessing God" (Luke xxiv: 53).

4. During those forty days, moreover, they had come to feel more deeply "the powers of the world to come." The unseen had become to them a most vivid reality, pressing them on every side, peopled with living persons, with

whom they themselves might hold friendly intercourse. The question, Shall we know each other in heaven, would not, henceforth, be one to cause them much doubt. Most of all, it would give to them a new sense of their Master's ability to meet them in whatever region, and to provide for whatever need, and to talk with them as a man talketh with his friend.

5. It gave them, moreover, clearer conviction as to the undying love of their Master's heart. The passage through death had not affected this, whatever else it had changed. Every manifestation afforded indisputable proof of the fact. The same tender, sympathetic heart characterized the state of glory, as of humiliation. He had carried thither the marks of his passion, and wore them conspicuously as badges of royalty (xx: 26, 27). There was the same large interest in common things, in matters which concerned their temporal comfort and well being, which had bound them to him from the first.

6. And, withal, there must have been thus supplied needed help in grasping the symbolism of that atoning life; the foundations for those representations of crucifixion with Christ and living unto righteousness, which the apostles afterwards used with such persuasive force in sermons and in letters. The resurrection and the ascension were thus vitally connected, and the entire forty days intervening formed links in the development of the risen life of Christ. This was, and is, the message sent to the disciples through Mary Magdalene, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God." It was an uninterrupted progress from the sepulchre to the concealing cloud. And the whole looked forward to that mediatorial life which has since been going on through the centuries.

Turning now from the study of Christ's risen life as a whole, let us consider the special manifestation to the disciple, at the "Sea of Tiberias." And note, in general, how the narrative turns around the *personal* revelation involved. It was a manifestation of *Jesus himself*. This was, and is, the supreme teaching; other instructions are secondary (V. 1). The disciples had gone to Galilee as they had been bidden (Matt. xxviii: 7). In the absence of definite instructions they would naturally make their headquarters at Capernaum. There they waited, at first, I imagine, hopefully, afterward impatiently. It was a trying time. The old life had ended; the new life was undeveloped. In this state of things Peter starts up one evening with the assertion, "I am going a-fishing." It was, if I am not mistaken, an expression of restlessness and despondency, as if he had said, "Well, there is no use in remaining here in idleness. We might as well be doing something." His words fall in with the general feeling, and six of his companions volunteer as his companions. They had better, I imagine, have remained where they were. Afterward, I am inclined to think, they would have done so; holding on, until the Lord's word came to go forward. But he dealt with them as he is apt to deal with impatient disciples; he let them have their own way. There is nothing like experience to convince people how poor a way their own is apt to be, and how safe it is just to trust God, and stand still where he has placed them. "They went forth and entered into the boat; and that night they caught nothing." Of course they did not, if this interpretation of their conduct is correct. Oh, how often we all have been there! and how well for us, if, as in a glass, we may here see reflected our own depressing failures (Vs. 2-4). We can almost imagine the look of restless discouragement on the faces of those men, as they prepared to draw in the net. And a great thing it is, also, to question the side of our land so of a piece it seemed with all their circumstances. Just then a voice is heard from the shore, and a man can be indistinctly seen. "What success?" "None." Something in the tone, perhaps, arouses attention, but nothing more. They have no suspicion that this can possibly be *Jesus*. Cast on the right side, then? They follow the direction, and with the result to be expected (4-6). Instantly, the intuition of love grasps the situation. "It is the Lord," says John. The suggestion is caught up by Peter; his disheartenment is over, and, plunging with eager haste into the lake, he casts the net to meet his beloved Master. (Vs. 1-9.) Oh, it is a great thing, this act of seeing the Lord's hand in events; of tracing his agency when others see only common occurrences! Life, moreover, is very full of these glimpses of Christ, if only we are quick-witted enough to see them! And love is the revealing element—just because these are manifestations of love. And a great thing it is, also, to question the side of our land so of a piece it seemed with all their circumstances. Just then a voice is heard from the shore, and a man can be indistinctly seen. "What success?" "None." Something in the tone, perhaps, arouses attention, but nothing more. They have no suspicion that this can possibly be *Jesus*. Cast on the right side, then? They follow the direction, and with the result to be expected (4-6). Instantly, the intuition of love grasps the situation. "It is the Lord," says John. The suggestion is caught up by Peter; his disheartenment is over, and, plunging with eager haste into the lake, he casts the net to meet his beloved Master. (Vs. 1-9.) Oh, it is a great thing, this act of seeing the Lord's hand in events; of tracing his agency when others see only common occurrences! 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Home Circle.

The Swinging Gate.

The twilight is full of sadness,
And the wind in its coat of gray
Skulks like a wolf thro' the shadows,
And will not be scared away.

Down at the foot of the garden
The gate is swinging slow,
As if invisible footsteps
Were passing to and fro.

And it seems to me, in my musing,
They are feet of my coming fate,
That will find their way to my threshold
And pass it like the gate.

Oh, say, do ye bring good tidings,
Ye unseen messengers?
Or is it sorrow and boding
Of future griefs and cares?

The gate swings slowly, slowly,
And the shutters creak and start;
I sit in the glowing lamp light,
But a shadow fills my heart.

—Exchange.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE OF JOHN BALFOUR, BANKER.

BY U. S. PARSONS.
CHAPTER I.

Late in the afternoon of the 23d of December, 1875, some one was expected at the home of Frederick Harrington, merchant in the little suburb of S—. Signs of preparation for the arrival of a guest had begun to show themselves early in the day. The garden walks had been carefully swept, and the whole place had an air of neatness that would have pleased the eye of an orderly person.

Every few moments a window was raised and a head was thrust out into the cold, crisp, December air, as some one looked impatiently down the long walk to the garden gate. Time wore on and the hour was getting late. The afternoon express due at the city of C— at half past two had arrived, and the hour usually consumed in travel in an old-fashioned stage to S— from the railroad depot had passed by. It was now after four o'clock and the belated traveler had not come.

Had any member of the Harrington family gone on, in his impatience, to meet the expected one, he would have met a roomy old coach swinging along at dusk on the outskirts of the beautiful suburb of S—. He would have found the vehicle full, for it never lacked a complement of passengers at this season of the year.

There were several old gentlemen within—evidently heads of happy families who anxiously waited their coming. They themselves showed no little impatience as they thrust their heads far out of the window now and then, to note their progress, or good-naturedly frowned at their watches.

There were three old ladies amongst the passengers, quiet and prim as the old gentlemen were impulsive and impatient.

There was the ever-present schoolboy, fresh from the restraints of school life, and brimming over with fun and enthusiasm, scarcely able to keep his seat as the coach brought him in sight of reminders of last summer's joys that ended all too soon, but left him healthy and ready for a new term's work.

Two boarding-school Misses were there, too, equally anxious to reach their homes, but less demonstrative than the boys.

Perhaps the old men were thinking of their own boyhood days—their trials and triumphs; and, possibly, the old ladies were contrasting their girlhood days with those of the happy lasses in the next seat. Ah, yes! who does not look backward at this time, when there is so much to remind one of the unchangeable, irrevocable past.

The coachman, too, was reminded of the days when life was sweet, and joys were many, and a smile played upon his weather-beaten countenance as memory brought back the faces of John, and Kate, and Tom, and Susie, and, awakening from his reverie, he cracked his long whip and whistled a tune of the days that are gone.

Who is that lean, wiry longshanks, with a stubby gray beard, a wrinkled forehead and cynical look, sitting in an out-of-the-way corner? His thin hair stands out like bristles behind his generous ears, and there is part of a spider's web on the lapel of his once black coat. Who knows but that he has carried a hornet's nest in his bosom these many years? He may have some dim recollections of ancestry, but has no "hope of posterity." Poor fellow, he meant well; but we must leave him, for he has no place in our Christmas picture. He is a bachelor!

But, in our hasty survey of the coach's passengers, we have overlooked the very person with whom this story has to deal. She was a lady of, perhaps, five and thirty; with a fresh complexion, a wealth of raven hair, and a pair of dark, searching eyes. She sat with a fur cloak wrapped tightly about her, and answered the numerous questions of the boy at her side, and, in turn, questioned him about the country, with which he appeared to be familiar. With evident glee he called the lady's attention to a fine house in spacious grounds on their left, and close to the roadside. A large tree was the subject of his talk as they passed, and in a few boyish words he related a tale that made the lady with the far-away look in her eyes start nervously and her pulse to quicken. The tree passed out of sight, the tale was soon ended, and she tried, with little success, to regain her former composure.

On rattled the old coach until the Harrington place was reached, and out stepped the boy and the lady, his Aunt

Margaret Harrington, maiden sister of Frederick Harrington, Esq.

The reception of Aunt Margaret, who came to spend the holidays with the family of her brother Fred, was a cordial one, all, including the family dog and cat, crowding around to welcome her.

Between Frederick Harrington and his sister Margaret, five years his junior, there existed more than the usual attachment. Twenty-five years before, Harrington, then a boy of fifteen, left his home in Somersetshire, England, for a voyage to Australia, leaving his father, mother, two elder brothers and his sister Margaret. On his return, five years later, after a varied and eventful career, he found his sister Margaret alone of all the family had survived an epidemic that had devastated the village three years before. It was with keen pleasure, then, that Mr. Harrington looked forward to the long-wished-for visit of his sister.

"Well," thought Mrs. Harrington, "now our family circle is complete there is no reason why we should not all be happy." But Mrs. Harrington remembered a little difficulty that had presented itself in her household affairs that morning, and began as was her wont to borrow trouble. She said nothing to her sister-in-law that night, however, but resolved to seek her counsel and advice the following day.

"Oh, Maggie," said Mrs. Harrington, after breakfast the next morning, "what do you think that silly brother of yours has done?"

"He has recently become acquainted with the wealthiest banker in C—, and has invited him here to our Christmas dinner," said Mrs. Harrington despairingly, without waiting for her sister's reply. "Although both have been in business in C— for many years, they have had but a slight acquaintance." "During the last political campaign they were thrown in each other's company, being of the same political faith, and, more recently, the banker came to Fred's financial rescue. Since then they have been as thick as mosquitoes in a Georgia swamp." This banker is as rich as Croesus, lives like a nabob, and says the name Harrington is a talisman. Dear Maggie," said Mrs. Harrington, breathlessly, tossing her head and arching her eyebrows, "what shall I do?"

"Do?" said the imperturbable Margaret, "why, entertain him; and, if he is a gentleman, as, of course, he is, he will think nothing of the dimensions of your dining-room or the elegance of your tableware."

"Now, mother," said Bob Harrington, glad to take sides with his aunt, "there's Kate." "She's just finished embroidering this tablecloth, and we present it to you now so that you may know you have at least one thing beautiful enough for the great occasion."

Handing the present to his mother amid loud expressions of admiration, he straightened himself up, and in a mock oratorical manner, said, "Allow me, mother, to remind you that you possess one of the prettiest silver-plated teapots in the country. There, too, are the beautiful napkins with your monograms worked with silk. You still have the silver knives Uncle George sent you. We can look after the decorations with holly and evergreen, you yourself can be relied on for the delicacies, and father can furnish the latest stories and puzzles. Why, mother, we can furnish entertainment for the President, can't we father?" said the persuasive Bob, as his father entered the room.

"That we can, my son; thanks to your mother." "Well, my dear," continued he, turning to Mrs. Harrington, "I have invited John to dinner to-morrow, and I hope we will all make the best of the situation."

With a helpless look at her husband, Mrs. Harrington mentally resolved to entertain, as well as she might, the rich banker at the Christmas dinner, and she saw the calm, quiet face of her sister, the fun-loving face of her husband, and the honest "dial-plate" of her own Bob. Mrs. Harrington yielded gracefully to their wishes.

(To be continued.)

Travelers and scientists are greatly interested in the recent discovery of wonderful caves on the Island of Corsica. A miner who undertook to explore them a few weeks ago found it impossible to do so. He discovered various small caves close together, which led to a mammoth cave some distance from the original openings. The roof of the mammoth cave was between sixty and seventy feet high. After traveling underground for some time, he came upon an immense lake, which made further progress impossible. According to his estimates, the lake is situated under the mountain chain La Revellata near Calva, and gets its water from the ocean. In support of his theory a small grotto was discovered on Cape Revellata, on a level with the sea, which is believed to be connected with the caves. Some people estimate the length of the caves along the coast at thirty miles. A society of savants has been formed to explore the place throughout this summer.

—Chicago Inter-ocean.

"Never under any circumstances 'turn down' a kerosene lamp. The wick when down goes on pumping up oil, and the heat changes it to gas, but the flame is not large enough to consume it all. The balance escapes into the atmosphere and goes into your lungs. To turn down a lamp in a room in which a sick person is sleeping is wicked. If a half-light is required arrange for it by shading.

Household.

TEN RULES FOR THE FALL.

1. Do every thing in the fall that can be done, for in spring there will be enough to do. If you get ahead as a horticulturist, it will be by taking advantage of the late bright days of the year.

2. Let everything that is not quite hardy receive some protection. It costs but little in time and labor, and saves ten times the cost. Nature throws you down tons of leaves, the main object of which is to protect trees and bushes from severe weather.

3. If your own trees at all or bushes, invariably have a fall pruning. Cut back long growths, always leaving the last bud pointing when you wish the next growth to push. Cut out all suckers which you have neglected during the summer.

4. Attend to ditches and watercourses of all sorts. If you do not the winter washings will carry off half the strength of your manures, and there will be so much gutting undermining that you will have to spend next spring in repairs many times over the cost of ditching.

5. Clean up and beautify your farm. Before winter is the time; for in the spring you will not have the time. Brush should be burned and the ashes spread. Set a few fine trees and shrubs; stake mulch them. Get your wife and children to say what they would like done about the place.

6. If you have not kept accurate account of your expenses and income buy or make a memorandum book, and do so from this time. Begin in the fall with an estimate of your probable income for 1892, and then put down your needful outgoes. That is what the governments call a Budget. Work next year on this estimate. See how nearly you can forecast; but such an estimate will quicken your wits to avoid any disaster.

7. Prepare for winter sports and recreations for your family and yourself. Do not leave the young folks go away from home to find fun and frolic. The wise farmer lives with his children in closest intimacy. By all means do not let them feel that you care only for their work. It will be a cheap investment if you buy a book of sports. There is a capital one edited by Maurice Thompson and published by the Century.

8. See if you cannot do something to make your stock more comfortable than ever before during the cold weather. I wish I had the ordering of some barnyards that I know of, to drain and pave them. The next Dorothea Dix should go about the country and compel the protection of sheep and cows.

9. Make a study of all the wastes on your farm and about your house and see what a fair estimate of them would come to. Go into your cellar and honestly answer how you have handled and stored fruit and vegetables. Put down the half work done that is the work of 1891, that by being incomplete resulted in a failure of any remunerative crop. Study up how your losses and failures came about and prepare to prevent any such in the future.

10. Form a Mutual Improvement Association. Lay in for a decent supply of the very best literature. Winter is the time for study; no one should be too old to learn. What you need is not a knowledge of the world abroad, but the world at home. Get a simple elementary geology, like Shaler's, and read it with the family till you master it. Then get Arabelle Bulkeley's books—"Life and her Children" and "Winners in Life's Run." A capital home book for farmers was published a few years ago, entitled "The Population of a Pear Tree," and another, "A Mouthful of Bread." Then for a knowledge of political and social questions, which is just now very important to farmers, I would recommend John Fiske's new book on Civil Government and Robert Griffin's books. I have it in mind some day to draw up a list of books for a farmer's home library.—Independence.

ONION SOUBISE SAUCE.—This is a nice sauce to serve with warmed-over meats. Cut any sort of cold meat in slices, and heat through in just as little gravy as will keep them from being dry, and serve with the following sauce: Peel and slice a pint bowlful of onions (Spanish are best, but if you cannot get them, use white onions), simmer for ten minutes in boiling water, drain and throw into cold water. Drain again, and simmer until very tender in two ounces of butter, seasoning with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Add half a pint of chicken broth, and when this is hot, stir in a half a pint of milk or cream smoothly mixed with three ounces of flour; simmer for ten minutes, press through a sieve, and serve at once.

The hydropathic treatment of a cold in the head is as follows: In the morning after rising, and at night before retiring, wash the feet and legs as high up as the knees in cold water, and rub them with a rough towel and massage them till the skin is red and glowing. Snuff tepid water up the nose frequently during the day, and sip with a teaspoon a glassful as hot as can be borne an hour before each meal and at bed-time. A few days is often quite sufficient for simple cases, and obstinate ones yield if the treatment is prolonged. No medicines are required.

On the way he inquired: "Mamma, does God make skunks?" "Why, yes, Eddie, I suppose he does," was the hesitating answer. Eddie, at a moment's thought: "Well, if he got a good sniff of one once, I'll bet he'd never make another."

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

An Exceptional Year.

The year 1891 has been marked by a greater advance than any similar period since the magazine was established. Not only has the literary and artistic excellence been maintained and increased, but a corresponding gain has been made in the sale and influence of the magazine. At the end of 1891 the circulation has risen to more than 140,000. It may justly be promised that the further improvements for the coming year will be proportionate to these largely increased opportunities.

For Next Year.

It is not possible to give, in a brief space, an account of all the features in preparation, but the material is deficient in neither importance nor range of subject. Among the subjects treated:

The Poor in the World's Great Cities.

It is proposed to publish a series of articles, upon a scale not before attempted, giving the results of special study and work among the poor of the great cities. The plan will include an account of the conditions of life in those cities (in many instances where the results of research will be helpful for purposes of comparison as well as for their own intrinsic interest. While, from a scientific point of view, the articles will be a contribution of great importance, the treatment will be thoroughly popular, and the elaborate illustrations will serve to make the presentation of the subject vivid as well as picturesque.

Washington Allston.

Unpublished reminiscences and letters of this foremost among early American painters. A number of illustrations will lend additional interest to the articles.

Important Moments.

The aim of this series of very short articles is to describe the signal occasions when some decisive event took place, or when some great experiment was first shown to be successful, such moments as that of the first use of the Atlantic cable, the first use of the telegraph and telephone, the first successful experiment with ether, the night of the Chicago fire, the scene at the moment of the vote on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, etc., etc.

Out of Door Papers.

In the early spring will be begun a number of seasonal articles, among them being: "Small Country Places; How to Lay Them Out and Beautify Them," by Samuel Parsons, Jr., "Fishing Lore from an Angler's Note Book," by Dr. Leroy M. Yale, "Mountain Station Life in New Zealand," by Sidney Dickinson, "Fishing by Australia," by Sidney Dickinson, with illustrations by Birge Harrison. The illustrations are made from original material.

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IN 1892

There are to be serial stories by Brander Matthews, Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher (the author of that charming book, "Marjorie and Her Papa"), Laura E. Richards, William O. Stoddard, Charles E. Caryl (the author of "Davy and the Goblin"), and Francis Courtenay Bayler. There will be short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Mary Halleck Foote, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Octave Thanet, General O. O. Howard, and many others, with papers of travel and adventure by J. T. Towbridge and Lieutenant Schwatka, and useful articles on "How Columbus Reckoned," "William the Conqueror," "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," "Straight Lines and Circles," and in "Strange Corners of Our Country" the Great American Desert, the Cliff-Dwellings of Arizona, and other interesting places, will be described, and in "Honors to the Flag" and "Boys and the National Guard," the patriotism of the young readers will be aroused and stimulated. Italian Ralph is to describe "The Making of a Great Newspaper," and the arc and incandescent electric lights are to be clearly explained.

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Is what *St. Nicholas* teaches—unselfishness, faithfulness, courage, truthfulness—these things are taught in a hundred ways by stories, poems, and pictures. Do you need such an assistant in your work with your boys and girls? If so, and if you are not already familiar with *St. Nicholas*, send a postal card to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y., and ask to see a sample copy. A year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* makes a splendid Christmas present, for it brings Christmas twelve times a year.

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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30; Chinese school, 6 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A. M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. D. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH CHURCH—South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

BETHANY CHURCH—Bartlett street, near Twenty-sixth street. Rev. W. C. Pond, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

OLIVET CHURCH—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. H. Hammond Cole, Pastor; residence, 309 Sanchez street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Young People's Meeting, 6:45 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

SWEDISH CHURCH—538 Jessie street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Rev. C. Anderson, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 P. M.

OCEAN VIEW UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Broad avenue, near Capital street. Sunday preaching by Rev. J. B. Eddie, pastor, at 11 A. M.; Sunday-school, 12:15 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Friday, 8 P. M.

PILGRIM CHAPEL—Edinburgh, near Persia street. Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M. John H. Kemp, Superintendent.

SEVENTH AVENUE CHAPEL—Corner Seventh and Clement avenues. Rev. J. B. Eddie, Pastor. Sunday-school at 3 P. M. F. K. Houston, Supt. Sunday preaching at 7:30 P. M.

PIERCE-STREET CHAPEL—Northwest corner Pierce and Green streets. David M. Gove, Superintendent. Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

Congregational Associates.—President—Stephen S. Smith, No. 7 Montgomery avenue. Secretary and Treasurer—John F. Myers, 863 Market street, San Francisco.

Congregational Ministers' Relief Society.—President—Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D.D., President; Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D., Secretary; Geo. H. Kellogg, Treasurer, 112 Liberty street, San Francisco, Cal.

W. H. M. U. for Southern California.—President, Mrs. Emma Cash, 1710 Temple street, Los Angeles; Secretary, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Box 442 Pasadena; Treasurer, Mrs. E. A. Spencer, 419 West Second street, Los Angeles. Superintendent of Literature, Mrs. Alison C. Blakie, Florence, Cal.

Northern California Woman's State Home Missionary Society.—President—Mrs. M. L. Merritt, 686 Thirty-fourth street, Oakland, Cal. Treasurer—Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1329 Harrison street, Oakland, Cal. Recording Secretary—Mrs. L. F. Eastman, 516 Valencia street, San Francisco. Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. L. W. Eckley, Berkeley.

Southern Branch of Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific.—President—Mrs. J. H. Harwood, Orange. Vice-President—Mrs. J. G. Phillips, 1300 Carroll avenue, Los Angeles. Vice-President—Mrs. J. G. Phillips, 1300 Carroll avenue, Los Angeles. Foreign Secretary—Mrs. C. T. Hanlon, "The Armoire," Los Angeles. Foreign Secretary—Mrs. A. L. McPherson, Redlands. Treasurer—Mrs. F. A. Miller, Riverside. Auditor—Mrs. G. L. Smith, Riverside.

BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATIONS.

Young Men's Christian Association.—232 Sutter street. H. J. McCoy, Secretary.

California Bible Society.—Secretary, William Abbott, 1037 Market street, San Francisco. Treasurer—Edward P. Flint, 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Depository—Geo. C. McConnell, 757 Market street, San Francisco. District Superintendent—Rev. John Thompson, 1350 Franklin street, Oakland.

Boys and Girls' Aid Society.—Baker street, corner Grove, San Francisco.

Cal. W. C. T. U.—132 McAllister street, San Francisco.

Fruit and Flower Mission for Aiding the Needy and Sick.—420 Post street, San Francisco. Thursdays—Visiting days to hospitals and other benevolent institutions. President—Mary A. Harris. Vice-President—Harriet Jacobson. Treasurer—Mrs. Geo. H. Buckingham. Secretary—Phenie Armour.

Young Women's Christian Association. 1221 O'Farrell street, between Octavia and Gough.

Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.—Boston and Chicago. President—Samuel B. Capen. Secretary—Rev. Geo. M. Boynton, D.D. Field Secretary—W. A. Duncan, Ph.D. Treasurer—E. Lawrence Barnard. Business Manager—Wm. F. Whittemore, Congregational House, Boston. Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, Superintendent for Central and Northern California; office, 757 Market street, San Francisco.

American Home Missionary Society.—Bible House, Astor Place, New York. Secretaries—Rev. Wm. Kincaid, D.D., Rev. J. B. Clark, D.D. Treasurer—Alex. H. Clapp, D.D. Superintendent Northern California and Nevada—J. H. Warren, D.D., 1316 Mason street, San Francisco. Superintendent Southern California—Rev. J. T. Ford, Los Angeles. Financial Agent—J. S. Hutchinson, at The Sather Banking Company's, corner Pine and Sansome streets; nr. P. O. Box 2563.

American Missionary Association.—Bible House, Astor Place, New York. Secretaries—Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D., Rev. F. F. Woodbury, D.D. Treasurer—H. W. Hubbard, Esq. Western District Secretary—Rev. J. E. Roy, D.D., 151 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

California Chinese Mission.—Auxiliary to the American Missionary Association. Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., President. Rev. W. C. Pond, 436 Bartlett street, San Francisco, Secretary.

American Congregational Union.—Secretary, Rev. L. H. Cobb, D.D., 59 Bible House, New York. Treasurer—H. O. Pinneo, 59 Bible House, New York. Secretary for California—Rev. Walter Frear, 1461 Tenth avenue, Oakland, Cal. Field Secretary for the Pacific Coast—Rev. Edwin S. Williams, Room 25, No. 7 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco.

American Board C. F. N.—Missionary Rooms, Congregational House, Boston. Secretaries—Rev. N. G. Clark, D.D., Rev. E. K. Alden, D.D., Rev. Judson Smith, D.D. Treasurer—Langdon S. Ward. Rev. C. H. Daniels, District Secretary, 39 Bible House.

New York. E. P. Flint, Financial Agent, Room 20, Safe Deposit Building, corner California and Montgomery, San Francisco, Cal. New West Education Commission.—151 Washington street, Chicago. President—Mrs. W. E. Hale. Secretary—Rev. Charles R. Bliss, 151 Washington street, Chicago. Treasurer—Wm. H. Hubbard, The Rookery Chicago.

Missionary Society of the Swedish Congregational Churches.—Rev. C. A. Bjork, 10 Whitting street, Chicago.

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TAKE NOTICE—LIBERAL OFFER.—Any person sending us \$7.50, with three new names, shall receive four copies of THE PACIFIC for one year. THE PACIFIC is not published to make money or pay salaries, but solely to help on our Master's work. If you are not a subscriber, send your address, and pay \$2.50 at any time within three months. It will pay you and yours well.

Wednesday, December 9, 1891.

All of us patronize the postoffice. The postoffice is one of the best of servants to all of us. All of us are interested in its progress and prosperity, in general and in particular. Accordingly, the annual report of the postmaster-general is the one report which each year comes home to every house. We may care little what comes from the departments—war, navy, state, interior, attorney-general, and so on—but we do care whether our postage is to be less, our mails to be faster, our delivery to be oftener, and our remittances to be safer; whether we are to have a postal telegraph and telephone; whether we are to have a parcels post by pneumatic tubes; and whether the Government will finally do an express business for articles light and small, that are not of a very perishable and destructible sort. This year's "report" says that the income will soon overtake the expenses, and that a reduction of postage may not be far away. There is one reduction, however, which we think ought to be made now—that of city letters and drop letters. It seems needless and absurd to charge as much for delivering a letter in one's own city as it does to deliver one three thousand miles away. The postage on city letters and drop letters ought to be reduced at once to a cent. Will our Congress so order it?

Dr. Griffith John, the eminent London missionary, at Hankow, China, after describing the critical situation there resulting from the riots, especially from the one at I-Chang, tells many encouraging facts as to the steadfastness of the Chinese Christians. The work in the places from which the foreigners had to flee is left in charge of three native evangelists, and despite the disturbed and angry state of feeling, and the dangers, these men have stood faithfully at their post. He gives instances of several persons, who, though baptized at Hankow many years ago, and returned to their distant provinces, have maintained in their isolated homes devotion, and witnessed a good confession. Dr. John himself thinks the source of the riots is Hunan, which province is intensely anti-foreign. He hopes that it will be opened soon, and he says he is ready to start for the capital of it "at an hour's notice."

The exiled Emperor of Brazil, from the distant land of his sojourn, has passed along into "the land that is very far off." Personally, Dom Pedro was a valued man, free from personal vices, and an exemplar of many virtues. He had traveled, he had read, he had studied, and he stood among the most intelligent and learned of the rulers of men. He had been, also, a good emperor, and had not often abused his powers. He had sanctioned the abolishment of slavery in his dominions, and by that act had crowned his life and reign with honors immortal. There is a sense in which it was too bad to have dethroned him, even for the sake of a republic. It might have been better to wait for the natural demise of so great and worthy a man.

The millers of Minneapolis are proposing to send 40,000 barrels of flour to Russia as a gratuity for the starving peasantry. All right; let the wonderful machineries of that marvelous city show the way, and then let the rival establishments all over the land follow the lead, and outdo their exemplars. Our great prosperities may in this way be kept from harming us, and the reception of such lordly gifts may wake despairing hearts to thankfulness, and give suffering thousands songs in the night. By all means, roll off great loads on the steppes of Russia.

An inventory of the cargoes of ships stopping at Madeira on the way to the African continent during a single week showed alcoholic liquors on board to the value of \$5,300,000. Yet there are people who believe in commerce as a civilizing agency, and say that missions are a failure.

OUR AGGRESSIVE LIBERALISM.

The Unitarianism to which for many early years our San Francisco community has been accustomed had a good degree of self-respect and dignity, but was not disposed to push itself. The chief representative of it here once expressed its tone when he disclaimed and resented the idea of converting even the idolaters of India to the Christian faith. But a new animus has been imported within a short period. Something more like a little boom has appeared at several points. Our correspondent from Tacoma the other day indicated one of its symptoms. There, as elsewhere, the claim had been set up that the solid and intelligent citizens were largely of this liberal persuasion. It was given out from Los Angeles, also, that Congregational clergymen of mark were disposed to identify their names with the increasing movement. A darker intimation was added, that there were others in the evangelical ministry who were really Unitarian, but continued in their old relations notwithstanding. In several of the larger towns, where previous movements were not rewarding, a more substantial foothold has been taken. The people, of whom California has always had its full share, who love many good things in religion, but do not care to be righteous over-much, and so have hung loosely on the edges of the existing churches, are being organized, in greater or less degree, under this liberal name. By so much as such organizations stand for divine worship in general, for humane sentiments, for earnest ethical ideas, and for wisdom in the various charities and social reforms, it is a gain for these people to be drawn into stated congregations, and thus to bear their united testimony, and throw a certain determinate influence.

Of course, the leaders, in their zeal, are in peril of spending rather undue energy on justifying their own peculiarities, and in magnifying their own mission. We judge, also, that some of them may charge upon other forms of faith rather crude notions than generally prevail. It is not easy for most of us to be quite fair to the other side. But we feel inclined, on the whole, to be glad that the new zeal will gather so many persons into worshipful Sunday services who otherwise might pass for indifferent or undevout. We are sorry to have to think that in these congregations, to so large an extent, the distinctive message of the gospel will be withheld and even sometimes caricatured. For while there have been Unitarians who have wonderfully preserved the real grace and authority of the Son of God in their ministrations, though they seemed to leave it out of their creed, yet we believe it is conceded by most careful observers that the trend of the sect which now claims the name has been steadily away from the Lordship of Christ to the humanitarianism which sees in him only a rather remarkable ethical genius. With that trend has come also the elimination from the story embodied in the Scriptures of all that we usually call a special Revelation. If that elimination were merely the reduction of the creed to smaller measures, it would be serious. But it is to us the omission of the very heart of God, and so of that which has been the power of the religion from the first day until now. For whatever contributions those who deny the divine Sonship of Jesus have made to religious thoughts and to general culture, moral, as well as aesthetic, they have been singularly ineffective in winning the unevangelized. They have been seldom pioneers of the faith. They have not broken ground in Africa, or China, or in the islands of the South Sea. They thrive, where they thrive at all, on the labors of Christians who have gone before them. It has never been their ambition, like that of Paul, to utter the glad message where it had not before been named. The fact is that they have left out of the Christianity, whose name they do not seem very anxious now-a-days to retain, the saving force that reaches the sinful heart. It may be, yes, it is true, that a half-loaf is better than no bread. We shall not cease to recognize the measure of quickening imparted by men like Dr. Thomas Hill, who this last week left behind him so helpful a record in Portland, Me., but we are sorry that his type of the liberal is dwindling in our country. For the humanity of our age gives increasing sign that it needs the full work which the Divine Redeemer came to finish, and all the constraint of motives which there is in one who is mighty to save.

All good people will be gratified to know that a building for the Y. M. C. A. of the State University is now in process of erection near one of the entrances to the University grounds. They will be grateful, also, to Mrs. A. G. Stiles for her generous gift to this object, which has waited months for other needed supplies. They will be cheered, too, to be assured that the Y. M. C. A. of the University is alive, and alive to its possibilities, and that some of the members of the faculty take a lively interest in the Association, which may become a power in the discipline, order, influence and excellence of the University, and an auxiliary to the well-being of a large number of the students. Any one who goes through a university without giving a due place to religion does so at the peril of an unbalanced character and a deficient life, to say nothing more. We are made for religion, and the symmetry of education and life is spoiled without it. By religion we mean, of course, the Christian religion. Everything else going by the name is empty, poor and paltry, in the comparison, and only worth studying as an outgrowth of humanity gone astray from God. We congratulate the University and the people of Berkeley on the prospect of a hall for the Young Men's Christian Association.

A bomb was thrown, last week, in the office of Russell Sage, intended for his destruction. It did no serious harm, but destroyed two or three other lives, including that of the thrower of the bomb. This person was a stranger to the habitués of the office, and must have been an half-insane man who supposed he had found out a new way of extorting money from men of wealth. Fortunately, when a man exposes his own life as much as he does that of his intended victim, his example is not likely to prove contagious except among those whose "judgment has fled to brutish beasts," of whom too many go unrestrained of their liberty. This instance shows that somehow it should be made impossible for an irresponsible person to possess himself of a bomb, or a hand-grenade of any kind, and that it would be a proper thing to require that every such article should be marked in large white letters, so that concealment might be measurably impracticable. Certainly, when life is exposed to so many inevitable shocks, it is desirable to protect it from such, and from all needless perils.

FROM NEW YORK.

BY L. H. COBB, D.D.

If THE PACIFIC stands for anything in particular, it stands for the work of the growing kingdom of God in all the earth. Anything that pertains to that kingdom is of interest to its readers, east, west, north, or south, in the home land or far away beyond the sea. Californians will read, with equal interest, Brother Williams' bright, spicy letters from the sunrise kingdom, the same as they would read similar letters from any part of the United States. They will, therefore, undoubtedly, be interested to know that on a recent Sunday evening the Coney Island Congregational church held a service the like of which has been seldom seen in this country. The platform was occupied by eight Chinese students, pupils of the Chinese school connected with the Central Congregational church of Brooklyn, who were under the care of Mr. A. Alford of that church.

Sit G. read the Bible lesson; Bok Sing delivered an address in English and sang a solo in the Chinese tongue; Lee Wan offered the Lord's Prayer in his native language; Mark Get spoke and sang in English; he leaves for China this week, where he will engage in missionary work. Wong Hoy, Lee Shou, Lee Quock, Samuel Ling, sang, in chorus with the others, several gospel songs, being accompanied on the organ by Miss Wiley, one of their teachers. The exercises were full of interest, and the addresses and singing were given in an expressive and earnest manner. The young Chinamen had been converted from idolatry, and those of them that spoke expressed their faith in the Christian religion, and anxiety to have their hearers follow their teachings. The church was well filled, and the Chinese converts made a favorable impression on everybody. It was explained by Mr. Alford that some of them had only been in the United States a few years, and that this was their first appearance in public. The pastor of the church, Mr. Silleck, made a strong address in the line of mission work.

This Mr. Alford is a deacon in Dr. Behrens' church in Brooklyn, and a trustee of the American Congregational Union. California, certainly, will be glad to read of such a service in the Vanity Fair suburb of New York city. Any one visiting Coney Island in the summer would say it was the last place on earth for a religious service conducted by Chinese, or even by Americans. Sabbath-day is the gayest day of all the seven. Dr. Pond, certainly, can take courage, and his Chinese assistants will rejoice and give thanks as they read that at the other end of the country the fire has begun to burn in the hearts of their countrymen. Now, let the lines extend till Coney Island and the Golden Gate can

shake hands on the work of God among the Chinese.

THE PACIFIC must certainly miss our late Field Secretary, Rev. E. S. Williams, and wife. They have done royal service. Many a pastor's heart has been gladdened; many a little church made to rejoice at the good work done by these devoted people. We were sorry to have them leave. But they are, by no means, lost to the work, as their letters home very clearly show. After consultation, it was decided not to appoint a successor in the place of Mr. Williams, but to give the work in the northern part of California to Brother Frear, who has, for a long time, been our State Secretary; Brother Hunt in Southern California; Brother Staver in Oregon, and Dr. C. O. Brown in Western Washington; Rev. R. A. Beard in Eastern Washington.

We are approaching the end of the year. The Pacific Coast has always been interested in the work of the Union. They have, certainly, been interested in the ability of the Union to help their struggling churches. And the Union has shown its readiness to respond to California's call. More than \$60,000 had gone into California at the beginning of the present year. More than \$12,000 had gone into Oregon, and more than \$30,000 in Washington for church building. Two thousand five hundred dollars had gone into California for parsonages; \$2,000 into Oregon; more than \$4,000 into Washington. More than \$155,000 had gone into these three states at the beginning of 1891 for church and parsonage building.

The whole Pacific Coast will be interested to know how the Pacific Coast states respond on their part to the calls made on the Congregational Union for their own work, as well as for the broader work on the great field. Last year (1890), sixty-six churches in California gave in round numbers \$1,590 for church building. For parsonage building, including loans paid, they sent the Union \$1,178; for particular churches, \$27. Two thousand seven hundred and ninety-five dollars came from California into the Union's treasury, directly or indirectly, for the good work. Oregon sent \$195 for church building, \$350 for parsonage building. Washington sent \$807 for church building, \$719 for parsonage building. This year the contributions in California have been more than double. Instead of \$2,095, they are this year \$6,350. But of that sum \$4,584 have been contributed directly for churches in the state. The money has never come to this treasury to enable the Union to assist churches, but it has been so much generously given to aid churches that could not have done their work without a larger amount of outside aid than the Union could bestow.

Oregon, during the year 1891 up to December 1st, has sent us \$725 for church building, \$227 for parsonage building, and \$157 specials for particular churches. Washington has sent us \$1,800 this year for church building, \$655 for parsonage building, and \$36 for particular churches; a very pleasant increase all along the line. While up to December 1st only fifty-six churches in California have sent anything for church building to the treasury of the Union. Only ten have sent anything on account of parsonages. Only fifteen of the churches in Oregon have sent anything to the treasury, and twenty-two churches in Washington; one hundred and forty-seven churches on the Pacific Coast have received aid from the Congregational Union. And every one of those churches, while in existence, promised to send an annual contribution to the Union. A few have become extinct, and are to be deducted from these one hundred and forty-seven.

Only ninety-three churches in all on the Pacific Coast have sent us contributions during 1891. Some fifty of the aided churches are still under obligations, which they themselves voluntarily assumed to send something to the treasury of the Union before Dec. 31, 1891. The Union is loaded with calls. It has some seventy applications in hand, calling for about \$40,000. If all the churches in the country had done as well as the churches that have contributed, we should have abundant means with which to vote aid to every one of the waiting churches—some of which have been on our docket since last April.

We believe, upon reading this notice, that a good many of our churches will say, we will take a contribution next Sunday and forward it immediately to New York. That will be a good resolution, and we most devoutly hope it will be carried out. The Congregational Union is the servant of the churches. It has no call to live, except to serve. Hence, this statement in THE PACIFIC; not as an advertisement, but for information of the deepest importance to our constituency on the Pacific Coast.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1891.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS' HOME MISSIONARY ARMY.—Last week's paragraph containing the response from Green-street church had scarcely been sent to the office when the response from Suisun arrived. The Army had already its recruits enlisted then, and its first remittance—\$2.25—accompanied the pastor's notice of the fact. Ocean View soon followed with its remittance—\$1.90—and thus a good beginning has been made. Both these schools ask for more cards and other munitions for this gospel argument. We hope for a quite full supply to arrive this week, and shall answer others as far and as fast as possible.

WM. C. POND,
Chairman Committee.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB.

In 1816 there were but two Congregational churches in Boston, and four in the territory now within the city limits. To-day there are thirty-one churches of our order in the same territory, and the writer recalls but one without a meeting-house. Bethany church, in the Dorchester district, that has worshipped in a hall, expects soon to dedicate its new house of worship. The new churches are being wisely organized and incorporated without a secular society, that sometimes proves a "body of death." Several churches in this vicinity have recently been fortunately delivered from the "society."

When men outside of the Church itch for office, for prominence in church affairs, they should first humble themselves, and accept the gospel terms of the covenants and church membership.

The Boston Congregational Club at its October meeting discussed the value of music, the importance of sacred song in public worship. Who can over-estimate its value? Is it not quite as helpful and joyous also in social and family worship?

What Christian heart has not at times longed for some enthusiastic outburst of devout thanksgiving and worship as a vehicle to bear the soul heavenward from dull, depressed thoughts, from sense of care and sin? When there has been no fervor, no hopeful up-lift of prayer, other re-choir ment is needed to wing the thought and heart to God. Religious sentiment is an invaluable buoyancy in elevated and devout worship.

The abandonment of the old meeting-house of the Mt. Vernon church, on Beacon hill, near the State House, where Dr. Kirk held eloquent sway for many years, and lifted heavenward so many devout souls by the divine emotion of his devout prayers, for a new site and temple, well out on the Back Bay, seems an experiment.

The present pastor, not of evangelistic methods, so desirable for new fields and old, but judged of new departure tendencies, was recently heard to preach from the text, "New wine must be put into new bottles," in such a way that some might imagine that a new gospel has been from heaven proclaimed. He had considerable to say in disparagement of the "old style of preaching," and of the superiority of the "new," which he is supposed to illustrate.

Dr. Kirk, when the writer was one of his young men hearers, preached to an audience of nearly a thousand, with a church membership of, perhaps, six hundred. Dr. Herrick, his successor, preaches to an audience of three hundred, "resident church membership one hundred and thirty-six." While the surrounding population has not, probably, decreased, its character has changed, and the church proposes to follow the crested waves. One of Dr. Kirk's young men, after a business visit to England, said he would rather hear his pastor's benediction (that was changed from Sabbath to Sabbath) than all the services of churches he had attended—it did him good.

Give me the old gospel, for every age new, bottled up to explosion from generation to generation, in new hearts enthusiastically loyal to Christ, our risen and interceding Lord. Some preachers have not a new gospel, but a new "fad." That is likely to soon fade away!

Your spokesman has been fortunate in hearing, several times lately, Rev. John E. Tuttle, pastor of the Central Congregational church, Jamaica Plain, Boston, who preaches without notes to a large and growing congregation, and impresses one as an able, scriptural, and consecrated preacher, and a judicious and successful pastor. He preached last Sunday morning from "Jesus stood before the governor." The Son of God before the bar of a petty Roman ruler! To-day, Christ stands before the human judgment, and conscience, and heart, and every man passes judgment upon Him.

He who cursed the fig-tree, purged the temple, having in himself such divine power and dignity that the Roman soldiers fell prostrate in the dust before him, stood before the governor with the same power that opened the eyes of the blind and raised the dead to life.

How fearful the responsibility of men, sitting in judgment on God and his Church! Christianity appeals to the good sense of men. Some absolutely hate the light. Many are cowards. Pilate lost the opportunity of his life. "There comes a day," said the preacher, in closing, "when the governor must stand before Christ."

A man recently met claimed to be an atheist, and, of course, rejects the Bible; but proved himself very credulous in asserting his belief in the reliability of Parnesse tradition that has come down thirty thousand years! Tradition he declared more reliable than written history. When asked if he thought the records on the nature-formed stones and hand-formed tablets, seen last summer in the British museum, supposed to be six thousand years old, have come down to us in less reliable (though unchanged) form than the same statements would have reached us, handed down by tradition through eighteen generations, he seemed approaching the small end of his wits.

Cambridge, the home of our Governor and of our great university, as well as other towns, is again strongly exercised for "no license." The State Board of Agriculture opened, Tuesday morning, a series of three days' meetings in our city. Something more than club-life purpose and coherency is essential to the perpetuity and work of a Church of Christ. The recent ringing address by Rev. Mr. Crafts on the "Sabbath Question" was the most effective ever heard.

The Lord of the Sabbath speed his work. Pilgrim Hall was vocal this week with the quiet eloquence of Dr. Bancroft, the boy educator of Andover, followed in responsive psalms by President Gates of Iowa, and Dr. Little of Boston, who said, "I am not ashamed to put the work of Beloit College along side that of Yale and Harvard, man for man." The Doctor is a trustee of Beloit. BORAX.
BOSTON, Dec. 2, 1891.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO GLASGOW VIII.

Near the Irish coast the weather became squally. The waves swept over the deck, and showers of spray flew all round. The top sail was rent in two by the blast. "This is real Irish weather," one of the officers remarked, in an explanatory way.

On the tenth day of our voyage land was announced. This announcement always creates a sensation on board. Straining our eyes in the dim distance, we discerned a form like a dark cloud. As we advanced the high hills, and finally the low shores, emerged. The little fields dotting the slopes looked like patchwork. A half-dozen shades of green melt into one another. "Where will you see such ill-gent scenery?" exclaimed an enraptured son of Erin, returning to his native land. The Emerald Isle is always green in the heart of the Irishman, wherever he goes.

Our course lies along the northeastern coast of Ireland. The waves, working for untold ages, have wrought the rocks along the shore into strange, fantastic shapes, as the "Giant's Causeway." Rocky islets, once part of the mainland, are now the haunts of screaming seagulls, and the home of a solitary lighthouse keeper. On the heights near the sea, at intervals of a few miles, are ancient towers, which were used in the olden times as watch-towers and signal stations.

In the evening we reached Moville, where a large number of passengers disembarked for Londonderry. Moville is but a village; near the water's edge respectable houses, and in the background Irish cabins and potato patches; but Londonderry is an important city a few miles distant, at the further end of the lough or bay.

Early next morning we sighted the blue hills of Scotland, which were enveloped in a fog, while the proverbial Scotch mist poured down. Here it always rains, but it does not always pour. As we ascend the Firth of Clyde we have the islands of Arran and Bute on our left hand, with their high, rugged hills and deep chyles running far inland like the Fjords of Norway.

Near the mouth of the Clyde stands Greenock, an important seaport town. Within a few yards of the wharf lay a man apparently dead. One of the passengers inquired anxiously about him. "Oh," said a canny Scot, used to such sights, "he's only the waur 'ol drink."

The scenery on the Clyde below Glasgow may have once been beautiful; now on both banks stand an almost unbroken series of factories, iron works, ship-building yards, and store-houses. The only relic of the long ago is the ancient castle of Dumbarton, which stands on a small peninsula on the north side. It is now used as barracks for soldiers.

Passengers may disembark at Greenock and go by train to Glasgow, or go there by steamer, for the largest steamers have sufficient depth when the tide is in. In either case, that pest of travelers, the custom-house officer, has to be faced. When he has satisfied himself that the passenger, whose baggage he inspects, has no tobacco, spices, or plate, he may pass on. If trade is free here, why all this?

If American travelers proceed by rail to Glasgow, they will learn very speedily that railway traveling is one thing in America and quite another in Scotland. In the first place the traveler has to look after his own baggage, pay a railway porter, and see that the porter puts it in the baggage-car. No check is given, but at his destination his baggage, with that of others labeled for the same place, is thrown in a heap on the platform. Then there is a great scramble. Travelers, trying to get their property jostle each other, and the porters wheel their barrows among the crowd, shouting with all their might. The confusion is quite exciting. Every move the traveler makes he has to fee the porter to move his baggage. Fees range from four to twenty-five cents.

Companies over whose roads you travel carefully inform you that they do not hold themselves responsible for what ever may happen, either to you or your baggage, whether it be through the carelessness of their employees, or from any other cause. You are reduced to the extremity of trusting in Providence.

The next trouble the traveler has is to find out which class he belongs to. There are three classes. He determines his class by the amount of fare he is willing to pay. The second-class fare is about equal to our first-class. The great bulk of the people travel third-class. When a traveler has provided himself with a ticket, then he has to rush about till he finds a car where there is room for him belonging to his class.

The cars are divided into compartments large enough to hold a dozen passengers. Into this little compartment the passenger is locked, may be with a drunk man or a robber. At certain stations the trains stop until all tickets are examined and checked.

In all public and traveling conveniences in Britain the arrangements are far inferior to those in America.

JAMES B. EDDIE.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

Dear Friends: On the steamer *Saikio Maru* of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha we are coasting along within a mile of the east shore of Japan's great middle island in quiet water. About three o'clock we expect to reach Kobe. Again the shores look like those of Southern California, and but for the strange names we would hardly suspect we were on a foreign coast. Our California life prepares us somewhat for the variety of costumes we meet on shipboard. We are the recipients of many kindnesses at the hands of the officials, and would not be sorry, so far as our personal comfort is concerned, if we were to continue our journey in this ship to Shanghai. But we take from Kobe the Messageries Maritimes, the French line to Shanghai, Hong Kong, and as far as Colombo. This line goes only to Shanghai. By coming on to Kobe we can have eight days with Kobe and Kyoto friends. It warms our hearts in advance to think of them; so familiar are their names and their good works.

I have had a pleasant day at Ichigaya, Tokyo, with Brother D. C. Greene and his lovely family. The dark-faced little kids running about the streets with bright eyes and gentle manners are pleasant. But the white children in these delightful missionary homes show at a glance what Christianity and culture have done for them, and there is a certain feeding power in them for the home-hunger which loyal travelers always carry about with them. You must come to a foreign land to appreciate this feeling. I'm not a cannibal, but nothing on Brother Greene's hospitable table was half so good as the sight of his children. Half were in America. Ah, friends, there is the cost of being in a foreign country. It is true our home missionaries do not have such comfortable homes and gentle servants as our foreign ones, but they have the flag at hand, and they do not put an ocean between them and their children. You do not look to me for statistics. I'm not the statistical man. But this missionary superintendent was as busy as his indefatigable brother in the Sunday-school work in Washington, and I only regretted I could not make a missionary tour of a week with him, as he kindly invited me to do. I bade him good bye, feeling that our work was in good hands.

Last Sunday was a full day. Let me give you the picture if I can. Immediately after breakfast at the Imperial Hotel our jirrikisha men spun us over to the Hongo church, of which Rev. J. T. Yokoi is pastor. There, with the fine interpretation of Rev. J. K. Uchimura I had the privilege of addressing the Sunday-school. It was not highly organized as our best schools at home, but the children were attentive and polite, and the very joy of heaven shone in the faces of the young men and maidens, whose hearts were alive as helpers. Between Sunday-school closing at eleven and the ten o'clock preaching service, we visited again the heathen tabernacle of Akasaka. In the sunshine which drew the people out-doors, and among the swarming booths and shops, it looked like a holiday, though not so crowded as we saw it on the Emperor's birthday. Our first impressions were only deepened. As to cost, heathenism is costly. I paced without doing it rudely, the great contribution-box and found my estimate of twenty feet length was correct. I confirm my estimate of twelve feet width. Oh, ye who fear contribution-boxes, I wish ye might see the heathen rain in their *raie* and *sens* here. Sometimes rolls of a hundred dollars are tossed in by the pious and wealthy. We saw the god of love with little paper prayers pinned on him that he would bring the requital of human love. Young girls are his chief patron, they say. The god of children was well worshipped by those whose children are ill. But again the god of healing was the center of the most devout attention. Men looking like sages bowed and worshipped and rubbed him fondly. Motherly women brought their children. Children fairly caressed his old and worn wooden arms and shoulders, and then rubbed the virtue into themselves as if they had the itch and the old figure were so much sulphur salve. One stately family went through their worship, while we looked as far enough away not to interfere or be rude in our scrutiny. There was no discount of the parental seriousness. But I thought the three well-dressed daughters were not very much in earnest, and I thought I saw a smile which seemed to say to a foreigner, "We do not believe very much in this ourselves." I felt an argument for missions here. Civilization will break up the folly of wooden gods. Christianity has the burden of teaching Jesus. Heaven give the dear missionaries power to fill the gap surely making in the hearts of those who wake up to the monstrous delusions of idolatry. I hope to have a picture of this hideous old wooden god, which no tobaccoist would tolerate for a sign even. But if the kodak fails, it is pictured in my mind, and I must make the children at home see it as I do. At two o'clock I had the joy of preaching the gospel to an audience of young people in the Hongo church. It was largely composed of students, almost all in the graceful native costume. I am sure the sermon lost nothing in the rendering by Pastor Yokoi's fine interpretation. It was a great privilege to preach Jesus to them. An hour and a half I spoke in the great Central Tabernacle, under the care of Dr. E. C. Ebey of the Canadian Methodist Church. This is a center of great power. I needed no inter-

preter here. There were no ejaculated amens, but the bright eyes showed attention. Dr. Ebey is a man of fine catholic spirit. He and Brother Yokoi are not crowded among eighty thousand students in a corner of the city where are a million and a quarter of people. I was as tired as I was when I spoke eight times for the Methodists in one day at Pacific Grove. But I should be ashamed not to be tired in the Master's service; he is a sorry ingrate who gets tired of it. We were charmed with Brother Yokoi's neat brick church, holding, I should say, six hundred people, and costing eight thousand dollars. Drs. Taylor, Abbott, Meriman, McLean, and others helping him, have planted gospel seed wisely. His pretty wife, cunning children, pleasant study, all of Japanese style, were simply charming to us.

If any American brother of moderate means wants to retire where a little fortune will go a great way, and where he can do volunteer missionary work, with an immense leverage of associated power, let him come and live in beautiful Hongo, and help Brother Yokoi's work grow. The history of the man's life is a romance. "If you want a field of labor you can find it anywhere" in Japan; but at the political capital, in the immediate vicinity of the Imperial University is a choice place. The like might be said of Dr. Ebey's work, who, though a warm Methodist evangelist, worked the lecture bureau of his most admirable Tabernacle entirely on an undenominational basis. I almost wanted to be young again to begin a new battle in Japan. Again I wished I were ten men, for I'd set one of them at work with dear Mr. Yokoi. But one poor sinner, least of all the apostles, I can only breathe a prayer for the coming of His kingdom in this lovely land. You are speeding it, dear Christian workers of every name on the Coast. It is worthy your love and prayer, dear W. B. M. P., but it is all one work for Him. I hope to report you more definite and personal work from Kobe and Doshisha, but a sure sign of loving our Master's work worthily anywhere is to love it hopefully everywhere. My missionary genius (genia—I might coin a word) is pondering the need of the tens of thousands of jirrikisha men, the boy ponies, the pullman baby-cart pullers of this Empire. Heaven raise up some one to tell them of the laborious Carpenter's Son!

DEDICATION AT ANTIOCH.

Sunday, December 6th, was a blessed red-letter day for our church in Antioch. A beautiful California sunny day; a large, intelligent and happy congregation, with their many friends and guests; a new house of worship, commodious, modern finished and beautiful in its structure, without a debt; it went without saying that it was a dedication day in the complete and best sense of the word.

Pastor Oviatt, unconscious of self, gave large credit to the church members, the community and especially to the business men of Antioch, for the marked success of the enterprise. On the other hand, the friends of the church freely and emphatically declared, "We could not have done it but for the minister and the minister's wife."

The dedicatory sermon was preached by Superintendent H. D. Wiard, to as attentive and thoroughly appreciative congregation as ever listened to a discourse on such occasions. The sermon was timely, comprehensive, personal; as well as eloquent and full of true power. We congratulate our churches on the addition of such a preacher to our ministerial forces on this Coast.

The prayer of dedication was offered by ex-Superintendent Warren, who, before the prayer, gave a few words of history and reminiscence. Rev. J. G. Eckles of Tulare took part in the services. A thank-offering was gladly given by the congregation.

The large and well-trained choir filled the new sanctuary with most harmonious melody of hymn, song, and anthem; giving the congregation also the joy of uniting in the service of praise.

The local paper describes the new church. "The church is a magnificent structure and would be a credit to any town. There is a class-room annex to the main church or auditorium, connected by large folding doors, which can be utilized on extraordinary occasions, and give the church a seating capacity of about six hundred. The class room can also be used for socials, and opens into a large and well-appointed kitchen. Adjoining the pulpit and choir balcony there is a reception room, and everything, in fact, is arranged for convenience and comfort. The church is seated with large, comfortable; easy chairs, and handsomely carpeted. An abundance of light streams through the large stained windows, and it is really the most churchly looking edifice, outside and inside, ever erected in Antioch. There is no debt hanging over it."

It is to the great sorrow of the church and citizens of Antioch that our Brother Oviatt feels obliged to retire for awhile from pastoral labor, as it is the unanimous wish of the community that he should remain and enjoy what he has so richly earned. His health is for the present too feeble to carry on the work of pastor and preacher. The pastor who succeeds him will find a united, enthusiastic people, ready to stand side by side with him in all that pertains to his work.

The Gospel Temperance Union of San Francisco holds its next meeting in the First M. E. church on Powell street, near Washington, Tuesday, December 15th, at 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to all.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Associates will be held in San Francisco, at the office of John F. Meyers & Co., 863 Market street, on Monday, December 21, 1891, at 3:30 p. m. JOHN F. MEYERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 8, 1891.

In the absence of Dr. Pond, owing to sickness, the Monday Club listened to remarks from Mr. D. G. Dexter of Los Angeles, an earnest worker in that city and superintendent of the East Side Church Sunday-school; Superintendent Wiard was given a cordial greeting and responded with fitting words; Dr. Warren gave the good news that a Congregational Church of some twenty members is about to be organized at Pacific Grove and that a Council will be called in January for that purpose. Chaplain Blake, who has lived for some years in Chili, briefly but very entertainingly addressed the Club on the past and present condition of affairs there. The remarks which followed showed the strong feeling that United States Minister Patrick Egan is not and never has been a fit representative of our great American nation in that land. Dea. Ira P. Rankin will address the Club next Monday on "The Individual Responsibility of Church Members."

In response to an invitation from the Methodist Ministers' Meeting, presented by Revs. Harris and Fisher, a committee of three, Revs. Dr. W. D. Williams, Cole and Kimball, was appointed to act with committees of other bodies in securing aid for the large number of destitute in Japan, rendered so by the severe earthquake on October 28th. A public mass-meeting is contemplated at an early date.

Rev. Geo. L. McNutt preached an earnest sermon on "I know whom I have believed," etc., in the First church in this city in the morning. There was no evening service.

The Green-street church used one of the Berkeley Temple series in the evening; subject, "God, the Father."

The Lord's Supper was observed at Bethany church last Sunday morning. Eleven persons were welcomed to the church, all but one of whom were Chinese believers. received on profession of faith. Five American Christians who were to have been received, two on profession and three by letter, were prevented by sickness from being present.

Dr. Pond, who had been prostrated by la grippe, was permitted by his physician to be present during a portion of the service, and take part in the administration of the sacraments. Rev. Mr. Platt, disabled from active service in the ministry, whose presence in Bethany congregation as a hearer is from Sabbath to Sabbath a silent benediction, assisted the pastor. In the evening Rev. W. N. Meserve preached.

The Mariners' Bethel is open for worship every day in the week; with it also is connected a free reading-room. Pastor Rowell reported one conversion at the Marine Hospital, and three or four in the evening service.

A children's service was held in the morning at Olivet church. Twenty-one were promoted from the primary department into the Sunday-school, which now has thirteen classes and one hundred and fifty-five in attendance. A monthly consecration meeting was held in the evening.

Rev. A. K. Crawford was encouraged by fifteen persons expressing the desire to become Christians at the evening service at the Park branch. There were ninety in the Sabbath-school.

Nine were received to the Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland, eight of them by letter. The communion service was held in the evening; the attendance was large.

Professor Nash preached in Pilgrim church in the morning.

There were one hundred and seventy-one in the Sunday-school of the Golden Gate church.

The Second church contributed \$35 for home missions.

A memorial of the late Rev. I. E. Dwinell, D.D., is being prepared by Rev. H. E. Jewett. Any person having letters from Dr. Dwinell which may be helpful in the preparation of the memorial will confer a favor by sending them to Mr. Jewett at Vacaville, Cal. All such letters will be returned in due time, if desired.

Pastor Hill preached at Berkeley in the morning on "The Place is too Strait for Us." The sermon was with reference to a chapel which is needed adjoining the church. Professor Bacon endorsed the enterprise with fitting words.

Rev. J. G. Eckles preached in the evening in the new church at Antioch to a full house.

Rev. Geo. H. Merrill has accepted a call to the church in Rio Vista, and will enter upon his duties, with good prospects, at once.

Two members, one of them on confession of faith, were received to the San Mateo church. Last Friday and Saturday a children's fair and doll fete was held, which was a real success.

We are glad to report that the debt of \$29,000 on St. John's Presbyterian church in this city is provided for. Alexander Montgomery gave \$5,000. Edward Kimball has been at work there, and he usually succeeds. He goes East this week.

The church at Haywards was made glad on December 6th by six additions to her membership. The Treasurer's quarterly report indicated an unusually healthy financial condition, and the church is full of courage and hope. A large audience gathered at the union Thanksgiving service, and \$17.10 were contributed to the Good Templars' Home for Orphans.

Two Sundays ago our Alameda church raised as a thank offering \$500, clearing off all indebtedness. The Pansy class (infant class) have undertaken to pay for the fitting up of their room, some \$700 or \$800, and have turned over \$100 as their first installment. A cake sale, the Saturday afternoon before, by the Ladies' Aid Society, netted them enough to cover the expense of putting in a lawn around the church.

Rev. Mr. Atherton, the first pastor of the Congregational church at Riverside, preached Sunday morning. The aged father and mother of Rev. T. C. Hunt, the present pastor, have come to spend the winter with their son. Rev. Mr. Hunt, Sr., is a veteran home missionary, having put more than fifty years of vigorous service into the work of the A. H. M. S. This venerable couple rejoice in sons and daughters of like spirit with themselves: three ministers and two doctors; three daughters—one the wife of a minister (son of Dr. Cobb of the Congregational Union), and another a former teacher under the New West Educational Commission. The church is well organized for systematic work the coming year. A board of deaconesses, consisting of five ladies of the church, was appointed at the last annual meeting. The pastor has formed a number of the gentlemen of the church into a brotherhood to aid him in his pastoral work.

RIVERSIDE, Dec. 5th.

EASTERN.

Twenty-two united with the Tabernacle church, Chicago, November 29th.

The church in Menomonee, Wis., is building a new house of worship that will cost about \$20,000.

The First church, Rockford, Ill., received twenty-two November 22d.

The new house of worship of the Trinitarian church, New Bedford, Mass., was dedicated November 15th. The house is of stone and costs about \$45,000.

A Norwegian church was recognized by Council in Philadelphia, November 18th. The Council met in the Central church, and also ordained N. N. Bormose, a graduate of Chicago Seminary, as pastor of the church.

November 15th, Rev. E. O. Jameson gave a review of the twenty years' pastorate of himself in Millis, Mass.



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Miscellany.

A December Ditty.

The Holly, oh, the Holly!
Green leaf, and berry red,
Is the plant that thrives in winter
When all the rest are fled.
When snows are on the ground,
And the skies are gray and drear,
The Holly comes at Christmas tide
And brings the Christmas cheer.
Sing the Mistletoe, the Ivy,
And the Holly-bush so gay,
That come to us in winter—
No summer friends are they.

Give me the sturdy friendship
That will ever loyal hold,
And give me the hardy Holly
That dares the winter's cold;
Oh, the roses bloom in June,
When the skies are bright and clear,
But the Holly comes at Christmas-tide,
The best time of the year,
Sing the Holly, and the Ivy,
And the merry Mistletoe,
That come to us in winter
When the fields are white with snow!

THE BOY WITH A KODAK.

John and his sister Flora were sitting on the grass in the front yard playing jackstones. It seemed impossible for these two children to play together for any length of time, without having—what their big sister named—their "differences." Across the street stood a large hotel, always well filled during the summer months with people who came to enjoy the sweet country air, and tan themselves on the lakes until their faces looked like Mulattoes.

John looked up and saw a tall boy coming across the street. In his hand he carried a curious-looking box. He coolly stepped over the low iron fence that surrounded the yard, and seated himself on the grass a few feet from them. He did not seem inclined to talk, so the game proceeded the same as if he had not been there. Flora was tossing the jackstones when John exclaimed:

"There! that's a miss."

"Well, it wasn't but a little one," said Flora holding it away from his outstretched hand.

"A miss is a miss, big or little," said John, getting very much in earnest.

"Come, hand it over. It's my turn."

But Flora only shook her head defiantly and put her hand behind her.

"You're a cheat—that's what you are!" exclaimed John angrily.

At this Flora raised her hand and struck her brother on the arm. He resented it by making an ugly grimace at her.

Snap, snap, went the box in the stranger boy's hand.

Both turned in wondering surprise.

"What makes that thing do that? What is it anyhow?" John demanded.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said the tall boy, and stepping over the fence he walked quickly away.

"Queer chap, isn't he?" said John, looking after him uneasily.

Next day when they were playing in the yard, they saw the tall boy again crossing the street, but this time he had some cards in his hands.

"Here, sis," said he, holding one toward Flora. She took it curiously, gazed at it in blank amazement, then her face flamed with shame and mortification.

There she was, photographed, her clenched fist raised, and in the act of striking her brother, while on her face was a most unbecoming expression of rage and revenge. Never before had she seen herself in a passion. Her mirror always reflected her face when in a complacent mood, which at such times was not uncommon. She had no idea it could become thus transformed.

John stood silently looking at it over her shoulder. The tall boy then handed the other card to John.

He would have laughed outright had it not been a photograph of himself. The deep frown and the distorted features were anything but pleasant to look upon. He felt deeply chagrined and humbled.

"You see, I took you yesterday when you were fighting," explained the boy, leaning against the fence. "You fight a great deal, don't you? I have tried several times to take you from my window across the street, but failed. Kodaks are getting to be quite common playthings now-a-days. We shall have to tidy up our manners, for there's no knowing when we are going to be photographed. I have a stack of pictures of people who little dream that I have photographed them in all their moods and tenses. It's a fine way to study human nature. You may keep those pictures," and so saying he walked away.

John and Flora looked at each other in shame-faced silence. One could not exult over the other. The defeat was for both of them.

"Say, Flora," said John at length, "let's don't fight any more."

"I won't if you won't," answered Flora, who stood regarding her picture with decided ill-favor.

Ever after that day, when they felt that they were getting angry, the remembrance of the picture which their sister had tacked up in each room caused them to change their tactics instantly.

—Advance.

WHERE THE SHINE CAME FROM.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbows on the old lady's stuffed chair-arm, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily. "I have read a little, and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl,

Arthur, that I have learned to watch for. She has sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now."

Arthur took his elbows off the stuffed arm and planted them on the window-sill.

"That girl, with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all her brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly, and, to grandma's surprise, he raised the window and called:

"Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you!"

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time?"

"Why, I have to," said Susie; "you see, papa's been sick a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."

—Sunbeam.

THE RECENT NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

The importance of the country at large of the recent exercises and manoeuvres of the naval militia of Massachusetts and New York cannot be too highly estimated. Our seacoast, extending as it does for hundreds of miles on two great oceans, is practically defenseless against the attacks of a well-equipped and well-trained foe, and the wide publicity given by the press to the operations of Admiral Walker's fleet of modern war-vessels, and the co-operation with their crews of men of the standing and education of those that form the nucleus of it, is to be hoped, a large force of reserve naval artillerymen, is calculated to call the attention of the American people generally to the absolute necessity of providing adequate means to prevent the capture of our rich seaports, and to arouse their interest in the ways and means of doing so. Admiral Walker has given hundreds of young men, taken from among the most intelligent and well-informed citizens of two of the most important cities of the United States, an opportunity of serving for a time on the cruisers under his command, thus aiding them in their efforts to attain the object of their organization.

No more appropriate spot could well have been selected for the manoeuvres of the fleet and the exercises of New York's Naval Reserve Battalion than the waters adjoining Fisher's Island, at the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound. The island itself will eventually be fortified to guard the narrow channel between it and the Long Island shore, forming one of the main approaches to New York city from the sea, and as the object of a reserve militia would be mainly that of home defense, it is obvious that this force should be made as familiar with the waters in which it would be obliged to operate in the event of war as the limited time at its disposal will permit.

—Harper's Weekly.

BEECHER'S EARLY HABITS.

Young and impulsive, ever ready to respond to the wishes of those who took pleasure in his society, and "thinking no evil" of those around him, it was singular that Henry Ward Beecher was not tempted to participate in many of the indulgences of the day, so common among all classes at that time the same as it is to-day, writes Mrs. Beecher in the first of her reminiscence papers in the October Ladies Home Journal. But as a young man he was unusually free from any bad habits. He never smoked or used tobacco in any form, either as a boy, youth or full-grown man. He never indulged in a drop of liquor. His language was as pure among his companions as when in a parlor. He rejected all indulgences. As a young man he never played cards; indeed, he never knew one card from another. He avoided all these habits in his later years, although he had no prejudice against the playing of cards by others—if played for amusement and at home. After coming to Brooklyn we both learned to play backgammon. It was a quiet game; he said it helped him to a good night's rest, if his labors during the day had excited him so much as to threaten to retard his usually sound sleep.

FOODS FOR THE BRAIN.—There is a popular idea extant that foods which abound in phosphorus are special brain nutrients, but it has no serious foundation. There are many empirical mixtures based on this idea that are extensively sold as brain and nerve food, without any particular merit or applicability. If a brain tonic is required, let the investigator secure the best available fluid extract of coca, prepared by some responsible chemist, and use it in combination with a pure grape wine in quantities graduated by its effect.

—Juliet Corson.

When canned fruit has "spoiled" in keeping it is not necessarily worthless. The juice if properly fermented will make the best of vinegar. This is particularly true of strawberries, currants and raspberries.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Those who doubt that total abstinence from intoxicating liquor is one of the necessary steps towards the purification of politics in this country, should have been in Washington during the last few days. They would certainly have been convinced. Parlors of one of our largest and finest hotels were turned into bar-rooms, and free bar-rooms at that; and the distributors of alcoholic beverages were highly respected and eminent business men of the several cities that were competing before the National Committee for the next Republican National Convention, who seemed to think that it was necessary to open free rum-shops, and to keep them open all day last Sunday in order to influence the members of this committee in favor of the city they represented. Such an idea is, of course, ridiculous, or, at least, it ought to be; but as long as it is recognized by the leading men in the business world, it will be accepted by others.

Sermons are often heard outside of church. I heard one to-day, and it was a good one, although short. It was delivered by a gentleman who is not a church member, and was inspired by a paragraph in the society column of a daily newspaper, referring to the increase in Washington of the French custom of holding receptions on Sunday afternoon or evening, under the name of "teas."

He said: "Although not connected with any church, I am a believer in the great and living truths of Christianity, and I have a reverence for the Sabbath day which makes it absolutely painful for me to see that day desecrated. There is, in my mind, some excuse for the ignorant and vicious who desecrate the Sabbath day; but there is no excuse for desecration by educated and cultivated people. With them it is a deliberate and intentional insult to Christianity, and if something is not done by the church people of Washington to stop the spread of these Sunday entertainments, they will do incalculable harm. The line must be sharply drawn, and the words of Christ, 'He that is not for me, is against me,' must be taken for a motto, and literally lived up to. Let those who give, and those who attend these Sunday entertainments, be tabooed by Christian men and women, and they will soon be dropped. The administration is regarded as the head of official society, and the President and a majority of his Cabinet are, fortunately, church members. It is from them and their families that Christianity, at large, has a right to look for help in throttling this attempt to lower the social tone of the National Capital of the United States to that of Atheistic Paris." This sermon reminds me of the truth of the remarks quoted in this correspondence several weeks since, about the need of missionary work among the occupants of the "best sections" of our large cities.

The Princeton student evangelists closed their week's work in the Y. M. C. A. building Sunday afternoon. The result of the week was that 150 persons signed cards announcing their purpose to try to lead Christian lives.

The celebration of the thirty-ninth anniversary of the organization of the Y. M. C. A. of Washington, which took place Monday evening, was an event of more than usual interest. The principal address was delivered by Rev. Dr. K. S. MacArthur of New York, on "The Times We Have and the Men We Need," and a most beautiful and eloquent address it was. But the most important event of the evening to the association was the raising of \$2,000 in cash, which enabled it to cancel a floating indebtedness of \$2,000.

The Washington Presbytery has been in session this week. The principle subject under discussion was the old one of revision, being represented in this case by the recommendation of the committee on revision of the Confession of Faith, appointed by the General Assembly of 1891, that sections three and four of chapters three be erased from the Confession. By a vote of sixteen to eight the Presbytery endorsed the committee's recommendation. This is regarded as committing the Washington Presbytery to revision.

Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland has been so long in charge of Washington church that it is difficult to discuss the progress of Christianity and moral reform in this city without constantly referring to his work. He celebrated his seventy-second birthday last Sunday by preaching a vigorous sermon, and to-morrow he will preach a Thanksgiving sermon to the united congregations of four of the largest Presbyterian churches in the city. He is a remarkably well-preserved man for his age, showing a vivacity possessed by few men at fifty.

The city is rapidly filling up with Congressmen, and those who are interested, in a thousand and one ways, in a session of Congress.

WASHINGTON, November 25, 1891.

CHICAGO'S HIGHEST BUILDINGS.—The highest building in Chicago at present (and one which is not built on the Chicago construction system) is the Auditorium. Its loftiest point is 296 feet above the sidewalk. The Fair building, now almost completed in one section measures 241 feet to the coping, and it is possible that it will be carried higher—to sixteen or eighteen stories. The new Masonic Temple will measure, over all, 274 feet. This is constructed entirely on the new system. The Ashland Block measures 210 feet to the coping; the Woman's Temple, whose top-most stories are now being finished towers 266 feet from the ground; the

Manhattan, 198 feet; the Monadnock 194; the Henning and Speed Block 192; the Abstract building, 190; the Chamber, of Commerce block, 180, the Home Insurance, 178; the Tacoma, 175; the Northern Hotel, 174; the Rookery, 164; the Owens block, 161; the Rand-McNally, 148; the Chicago Opera-house, 135; and the L. Z. Letter building, 133 feet.—Harper's Weekly.

The soul that knows the sweetness of His presence and His face shining on it will account no place nor condition hard, providing it may be refreshed with that; as the saints have been in caves and dungeons enjoying more of that light in those times when other comforts have been abridged. Then they have had a beam from heaven into their souls in their darkest dungeon far more worth than the light of the sun, and all the advantages the world can afford.—Archbishop Leighton.

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says

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Missy G. G. Work.

This department is opened and conducted in the interest of our Pacific Coast Sunday-Schools. A letter or article from some one of our District Superintendents will appear each week. An invitation is also extended to pastors, Sunday-School superintendents, or others, to contribute any articles or items of interest to this column.

C. S. S. & P. S. DIRECTORY.
District Superintendents—Rev. H. P. Case, Los Angeles, Box 1863 (So.); Cal.: Rev. Samuel Greene, 2305 Fourth Street, Seattle, Washington; Rev. W. S. Bell, Helena, Mont.; Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, 779 Market Street, San Francisco (Central and North); Cal.: Rev. Chas. H. Curtis, Portland, Ore.; Rev. R. A. Rowley, Edmonds, Rev. E. J. Singer, Spokane Falls, Wash.

METHODS IN THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

INTRODUCTION.

The object of our Sunday school should be to reveal God to the children, that they will love Him; and so to teach His commandments that they will be incited to obey them.

Is this result attained to our satisfaction as yet? I think not. It may be from wrong methods or lack of method, or perhaps from too much method and mechanism, and too little cheerful giving and hard work. If we gave ourselves, time, thought, ability, possessions, all we are and have, to God to use, our Sunday-schools would have thoroughly trained teachers, and the church would have continual accessions of workers equipped for service. As Paul bade Timothy prepare in II Tim. ii:15, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

We meet on Sunday for one hour; a short time to do anything in the way of teaching; scarcely time enough for a mere recitation. So both teacher and scholar must prepare the lesson during the week.

A Sunday-school implies a teacher or teachers and learners or scholars; unless the former teaches and the latter learns the terms are misnomers.

There is nothing more difficult than to teach little children indefinitely expressed abstract ideas. Nothing short of real study and planning beforehand will enable the teacher of little ones to both interest and instruct them.

Our text-book is the Bible, our teacher the Holy Spirit; and while no one ought to neglect to use that which is truly helpful, there may be such a thing as losing one's individuality in constant use of commentaries; or of hopeless confusion in the effort to harmonize the views of a number of Biblical expositors. Suggestion: Sink the text of the next lesson in your mind Sunday afternoon or Monday; then call it up and meditate upon it all the time the mind is not necessarily occupied otherwise. Let the light of God in Christ fall on it and you will be surprised at the way it will become illumined. "Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them," is some more good advice to Timothy (I Tim. iv:15). Then with pencil and note-book at hand, put down enough to recall readily what you have found.

The Teacher.—Whether the plan of dividing into classes, or having one teacher for the whole class is followed, there should always be one person responsible in a measure for the welfare of the department.

If the first plan be used, there should be a superintendent at the head to select teachers, provide substitutes, when necessary, act as disciplinarian, conduct services and examinations, promote, lead the teachers' meeting, etc. The teachers' meeting is an absolute necessity to the success of this plan. It is obvious the superintendent must be at once capable, wise, and able to inspire confidence and respect and obedience.

The chief difficulties are in finding a good leader; in securing harmonious action, and in holding a regular extra meeting.

If the other plan be followed, the teacher or director should be a person naturally adapted to work with children, from love to them and tact and power in teaching and controlling; a person with three eyes and a never-failing supply of illustrations; with willingness to spend and be spent for the work. The assistants in classes of more than fifty should be three: (1) secretary and treasurer; (2) artist; (3) musician. Either of the latter two may act as "regulator" to attend to the numerous little unevennesses which are constantly occurring.

The greatest difficulty is in finding a suitable director. The assistants need only occasional instruction in object lessons. If I were asked how few things were necessary in teaching the primary department, I should say, the Bible, a song book and a blackboard. Happy is the teacher whose mind is fertile in invention; and whose fingers are skillful in execution; for children never tire of pictures and illustrations; and that which is impressed upon the mind and heart through the eye is sure to be strong and lasting. If the teacher cannot draw, search the school for some one who can, and have the work prepared beforehand. Bring articles to illustrate whenever possible. For instance, for the lesson, "Christ the True Vine," provide a branch from a grape vine, and one or more other vines; draw from the children what they know of vines, then of these vines; finally of the grape vine as compared with others, and the significance of using it to represent the vital union between Christ and his followers, and the conditions of fruit-bearing. Never let one lesson be without some tangible thing with which to associate the abstract truth.

Review.—The review Sunday is often an unsatisfactory day; but it need not

be so, if the quarter's work has been thoroughly done. If the children have no temperance instruction, a Band of Hope should be formed, and the mission work should have its place; but if we are to accomplish anything definite in our Sunday-school work proper, we need all the time of every Sunday meeting; and the review day should by no means be left to take care of itself. Even small children are required to remember something of what they have learned in day school, and why should we not obtain at least a proportionate result in the Sunday-school. In the primary department it might be well to divide the quarter into months, and so have three groups of four lessons each. One method of teaching them to remember the lesson, and to prepare for review day, is to have three boxes of different colors, with four apartments in each box; and as the lesson comes, paste the initial letter of the word which contains the keynote of the lesson in front of its apartment; and in the apartment, slips with words they can associate with subject, golden text lesson topic, etc., enough slips so that when the quarter's lessons are all in there will be a slip for each one in the class. Then go over and over preceding lessons with boxes and slips, until they are perfectly familiar to most of the scholars.

Examinations on paper are not practical in the primary department, but if the review has been thorough, an oral examination ought to give good results. We can scarcely store up too many Bible texts in the minds of little children. One exercise they like is the alphabet, with a verse for each letter.

Music.—It is easier to teach songs with a piano; but if no instrument can be provided, don't neglect the music on that account. If there are a number in the class who can read printing readily, have the songs to be learned printed on large sheets of wrapping-paper and arranged on a large easel. Children can be taught to sing with understanding and expression, and on no account should they be urged to sing simply loud, at any risk of straining their voices. Songs in too high a key should be transposed or rejected. Have a couple of marching songs and teach them to sing as they march.

Giving.—Try to impress children, and mothers, and fathers with the importance of something personal in the money given. If a child can earn or merit the nickel he brings, he has an interest in that part of the programme, if in no other. Have an attractive way of taking the collection. A box with a slit in the lid or top may be used. Have the children marching around the room singing and drop in their gifts as they pass the box. Let the box be opened monthly or quarterly.

Attendance.—Considering the year as a whole, perhaps the attendance in the primary department would have a poor average. But improvement may be made by a judicious use of roll of honor, gifts, and by visiting parents. If you can win the active sympathy and co-operation of the fathers and mothers of the little ones, you have the surest method of reaching the best results in attendance.

Relation to the Main School.—The primary department is a part of the Sunday-school, and as such should be with them for some general exercises, either opening or closing, and should occasionally be represented with a song or verse, etc. But the most successful departments I have known have had a definite character of their own, and really been a school within a school.

Discipline.—Children who go to day-school have no excuse for inattention or disorderly conduct for the one hour in Sunday-school, and order should be enforced as strictly as in day-school. The little ones are usually good if the older ones are; but when, occasionally, they become refractory, if gentle measures do not avail, they should be carried from the room. Few Sunday-schools are without a few specimens of the genius "smart boy," who are inclined to tease or test the teacher. Some will yield to quiet little talks aside, and by placing a responsibility upon them of helping to keep the rest in order, will scorn further bad behavior. But once in a while there is a boy who resists all ordinary measures, and then the teacher must gradually close up on him, show him clearly that if he will not make himself behave now, the school will stop proceedings until he does. If he sees the fire in your eye and the waiting attitude of the whole school, he will usually succumb for the time being. But never lose your hold until you have made him your friend and helper. A teacher should be "set apart" for the work, and then should adopt each child as her own, and have them with her in thought, to study them and pray for them, until with confidence and assurance she may teach God's word, and know that it will not return unto Him void, but will accomplish that which He pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto He sent it, even the upbuilding of noble Christian characters.

LILLIAN P. BRADFORD.

The recent wreck of the El Dorado on the Bahama banks has led to the discovery of an ingenious method of cheating the Government. Nine cases were marked linen goods, while only three contained towel, the rest having costly kid gloves. The goods were damaged, but being in bond they were shipped to New York, and the Government Appraisers, in seeking to ascertain the loss, discovered the cheat. There is a hint that the San Francisco Custom House would be involved.

LETTER FROM MISSIONARY ROWLEY.

DEAR PACIFIC: Since November 15th, it has been my privilege to labor with the church at Rhoads Lake in a series of nightly services. The little church of eleven members organized on July 12th, this year, had one addition in August at the monthly visit, and though many things, from a human standpoint, were not propitious for continued services at this season of the year, still, the desire of the whole number of believers was for an effort to build up and strengthen; and as they were of one mind, the Lord was gracious. Night after night people came two miles, some of them over the hills and through the mud and rain, and an average congregation of thirty-nine greeted the speaker. Seventeen services were held, together with Thanksgiving service, and resulted in thirteen new members coming into the church, while there are seven professing conversion who have been hindered from this public acceptance of the Saviour by those who hold authority over them. The work of Grace has been remarkable in the condition and age of those reached. One, a man of sixty-five, an old veteran of the Mexican war, was among the first to receive a blessing, that manifested itself in a baptism of tears, with great rejoicing in the soul, and a realizing sense of the nearness of the Saviour. Another who came was a grandmother, well along in years, who came with her grandchild of about ten. A mother and three children, while the fourth professes to accept Christ, but was necessarily absent at the time of ingathering. A husband and wife, of half a century of life; another husband and wife of middle age. The little church of twelve, gathered in July, now before the close of November, numbers twenty-five; and there are at least seven or eight who will be gathered by the beginning of the New Year.

One of the most pleasant and encouraging features of this work was the Thanksgiving morning praise and prayer service. The rain fell as only our Washington rains know how to fall; yet people came over three miles to praise God, and thank him for his year's blessings. Services opened with a song of the Gospel hymns; then the invitation was given for a few short prayers of praise to God for his goodness. Nearly all knelt, and prayer followed from eight persons. Praises to God for personal blessing, mingled with thanks for the dear ones who had been led to accept a Saviour's love; broken voices and sobs, though of joy, was the rule in each petition. The meeting, throughout, was one song of praise and thanksgiving for spiritual gifts.

Though the writer was prepared to speak from a text, there was no opportunity. A full hour and a half was occupied by prayer, song and testimony. Every person took part in some way, beside in singing, testifying to the goodness of the Lord, and their love to him. This church has no pastor—never has had one—it is one of our Sunday-school points, and a church was organized because of the pressing need at this place.

This is in the same district as the Limekiln church of seventeen members, which last is the mother church. But the child has outgrown in numbers its parent. These two organized churches, with their Sunday-schools, and two out-stations with Sunday-schools, all are in a radius of a few miles—nearly fifty members, and about one hundred and fifty Sunday-school children. I visit this field monthly, but it is not enough. Where is the man full of the Holy Spirit who is longing for a large opportunity of doing good? Here is the field—fine people, fine country, open door, great opportunity, fine chance to organize two other churches in the outlying stations. Now I must tell you a cougar story.

Two years ago a young girl was in the woods near that place; a large cougar jumped upon her, and by his weight threw her down. Her head fell upon a stone. The blow stunned the child (fortunately for her). The cougar evidently thought her dead, and as he was not hungry, proposed to make provision for the future. So he dragged the child quite a distance from the road down a bank near the creek, and covered her with leaves, and went away. The friends missed the child, hunted, and found the trails, and found her in that condition. She had partly recovered from the fall, and found the cougar licking her face with his tongue; fright made her moan, and he gave such a growl that she fainted with fear. He then left her, and she was found unconscious by friends. This dear child of a girl of about ten years, was with us at our Thanksgiving services.

MISSIONARY R.

COMA, Wash., November 18, 1891.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer-Meeting Topic for Week Beginning Dec. 13, 1891.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject.—Comfort from the story of the Resurrection. (I Cor. xv: 10-23.)

The doctrine of a future life has been more or less firmly entertained by all nations. Hazy traditions, the phenomena of dreams, the incompleteness of this life, vague but universal beliefs, and personal positive intuition, all point to a future experience. God's revelation of this and kindred truths has been gradual.

Its light was more clear and strong in proportion as men were able to comprehend it. David and Isaiah had more light than Socrates and Cicero. But in our Saviour's resurrection came the final and complete assurance of life triumphant over death, and incorruption victorious over corruption. Sown in weakness, Christ was raised in power. No persecutor attempted to assail the risen Christ. Sown in dishonor, he was raised in glory. No Judas attempted betrayal after the resurrection. And the resurrection body of every Christian shall be incorruptible, spiritual, powerful, glorious.

"Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day."
(John xi: 25; Phil. iii: 10; I Cor. xv: 44; Heb. iv: 1.)

Man from the first has been a restless creature. The instinct of progress is in the individual. He seeks a better country, and has always sought it. He is conscious that he has not reached his own ideal. The law of gravitation is not more magnetizing in its power than the great future is over men. The river does not more naturally tend to the sea, than man tends to eternity. His hope, and faith, and thought, like spies, explore the future to see what may be the features of the better land. Christ has risen, and by that inestimable fact has brought life and immortality to light. Our future will be one of endless life, limitless happiness, fellowship with the redeemed, companionship with Christ.

"Tell all the world the Lord has risen,
The Easter message, ever new;
The grave is but a ruined prison,
Invisible, the life breaks through."
(John xiv: 19; Job xix: 25; Ps. xlix: 14; 15; Phil. iii: 20, 21.)

The resurrection of Christ is the sun in the center of all doctrinal systems teaching immortality. The brightest star of assurance from Job's "I know that my Redeemer liveth, to Lazarus' release from the sepulchre, pale in the presence of the Redeemer of the world who issued from the tomb the morning of the third day. Hope, experience and testimony contribute to our personal comfort, that, like him, corruption shall not have permanent dominion over us. We are to live because he lives, and we shall live as he lives. Let it be our meat and our drink to do his will. Believe the evidence. Trust God, and, in due time, we shall know of the doctrine. Soon we shall be able to sing with the poet—

"Rest, spirit free!
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the stream of life eternal led;
Forever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, spirit, rest."
(II Tim. ii: 18, 19; Ephes. i: 19, 20; Col. ii: 12; I Pet. i: 3, 4; Rev. xx: 12, 13.)

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NEWS FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Most of the readers of THE PACIFIC know that Miss Alice Harwood, daughter of Rev. Dr. Harwood of Orange, recently left California for Japan to be a missionary of the American Board. In a letter to her parents she graphically describes the dangers encountered by sea on board the ship *China*. It must have seemed at times as though she would never be able to take up the work to which her life had been consecrated. "Now for the history of the voyage. On Wednesday night the wind began to blow and the ship to rock. Thursday it kept on, and Thursday night it blew a gale all night. Friday it kept on, the waves rolling mountain high. We could not see the sky half of the time without looking directly overhead, for if we looked out all we could see were mountains of water coming toward us. Oh, they were frightful to look at! All Friday night the ship rolled and rocked, but toward morning it began to be much worse. Things flew from side to side of the stateroom. If you got out of bed you could not stand but would be thrown around with your baggage and be in great danger of getting badly hurt. We had to just cling to keep our berths. At about five a mountain wave struck us. It seemed at first as if the ship would go under. It was an awful feeling, but she came out of it all right. The skylight of one of the rooms was burst in, so in came a flood of water. The lady who occupied the room had a sick baby. There was quite a stir getting the window closed, taking up carpets and cleaning up the water. The boat kept on lunging and reeling all day, but toward evening it got better, and by Sunday morning it was comparatively calm.

"The big wave knocked down the watchman, and the force of it broke his leg. The butcher was badly hurt, and an iron door was smashed in. One of the lifeboats was stove in and smashed generally. The iron railing that goes around the front part of the boat was snapped as if it had been cut and then twisted out of shape. It crushed out the underpinning of some of the lifeboats. They gave only bread and coffee for breakfast and brought it to the rooms, as they could not set the tables. About 10 o'clock, when a number of our passengers were in the social hall, a heavy lunge came that threw the ladies against the piano, which broke loose from its moorings and fell over on them.

"Then as the boat rolled back it flew to the other side with a crash, taking men and women with it. It took ten men to hold it so the people could get out of the way. They finally strapped it, and—wonder of wonders!—it was found that nobody was killed, or even badly hurt. One lady was pinned under the piano, but the key-board kept it off her head and shoulders. Some carry black eyes and lame arms, but that is all. All were terribly frightened.

"There are eleven Presbyterian missionaries on board, seven Baptist, two Methodist and three Congregational; also a Cook's tourist party of twelve, a Chicago party and others, making in all sixty-six adult cabin passengers and seven children. There are 250 steerage passengers. There is an American girl on board who is going out to meet her Japanese husband.

"This morning some one went down to look after the trunks, and came up and reported that they were floating around in something. On looking into the matter it was found that a barrel of oil in one of the baggage rooms had been broken open by the storm, so they brought up the trunks. There were five of them. The first belonged to a bride—one of the missionaries—and everything in it was ruined. The next three belonged also to a bridal couple, and almost everything in them was ruined. Neither of the girls has a dress with her except the one she has on, besides the trunks. All their wedding outfit and presents are destroyed. It does seem too bad. I was rather anxious for to time to find if my trunk was among the number.

Hurrah! The captain has just said we must get up early in the morning, so as to get the first glimpse of land.

"October 13th.—We arrived in port at 9 o'clock this morning. Had a ride in a jinrikisha this morning. Am going out shopping this afternoon. Have seen strange sights, of which I will write when I get settled. Good-bye. With much love, ALICE."

My last letter closed with a reference to the enthusiastic meetings of the Y. P. S. C. E. of Southern California. The interest increased to the end. The sunrise prayer-meeting Sabbath morning was largely attended. The Sabbath afternoon meeting was so large that the Y. M. C. A. auditorium could not contain the people, and they adjourned to the First Presbyterian church across the street. When marching over the young people sang, "I know whom I have believed." A man passing along the street was arrested by the song so unexpected,

and confessed afterward in the church that he then and there gave himself to God.

The Highlands Congregational church, Rev. Mr. Thompson pastor, has been holding special meetings. Rev. Mr. Bickford assisted with his crayon sermons. There were twenty-eight hopeful conversions, of whom twenty-two were men, and over twenty have signified their intention of joining the church.

Rev. I. H. Collins, of this city, has just commenced another series of revival meetings in his own church. He is organizing a praying band of young men, to assist him in the work. Young men who have renounced dancing, card-playing and tobacco, are already numbered as converts.

Speaking of tobacco, the secular papers even are making frequent reference to a shocking death from cigarette smoking. George P. Livingston, the only son of a man who was once a senator in Oregon, died at Puente, near Pomona, last week, after one week's illness. The boy was fourteen years of age, and had constantly smoked cigarettes since he was eleven. His parents, at times, locked him in his room, and once offered him \$1,000 to give up the habit, which increased upon him as the drink-habit does upon the drunkard. Sometimes he consumed seventy to eighty cigarettes in a day! For weeks he has been unwell, losing flesh constantly. His skin became a deep yellow, and his eyes bloodshot. When he took to his bed he raved in delirium, and died in terrible convulsions. Since death, his flesh has turned black. A post mortem examination shows that his arterial system was poisoned with nicotine. How many of the boys who think it so manly to smoke will be warned by this shocking case of self-murder?

The Whittier Reform School for boys and girls is fast being filled with youth. Seventy-five pupils are in this institution, of whom fourteen are girls who came chiefly from San Francisco and Los Angeles. All of them spend three hours a day in study. The boys, in addition, engage in farm work. Both they and the girls are taught to make their own beds, and to take care of their rooms. The boys on the farm work in detachments of ten. Those who have been in the school longest show greatest signs of improvement. For the most part, the saloon oligarchy make such, and such like institutions necessary.

The Christian denomination, so called through their ministers and delegates representing all of their churches in Southern California, met at San Jacinto recently. They repudiated license of the drink traffic in any form, and passed resolutions most unqualifiedly against the greatest sin and curse of the nation.

The new Congregational church of Saticoy will be dedicated about the first of January. Rev. E. R. Brainerd has a church edifice nearly ready to be dedicated at San Bernardino. He hopes to organize two new churches soon on his large Congregational circuit. So there is activity and progress, both on the part of the wicked and of the good.

W. A. J.
LOS ANGELES, Dec. 5, 1891.

THE MOTHER OF PILGRIM CHURCH.

Pilgrim Church, though young in years, is rapidly growing rich in memories. Among the little band of worshippers and members that went out from the First Church and began to worship in Washington Hall was a woman then eighty years of age. It was no small sacrifice for one at such a time of life to leave the comforts of an established church and endure the discomforts of a hall. If ever one has a right to be at ease in Zion it would be at such a time. But of those who banded themselves together to establish a church in East Oakland, there was none more steadfast in their convictions, more resolute to do the Master's will, more thoughtless of sacrifices, more unswervingly trustful than Mrs. Lydia Hawley. When the lot was secured, where the church now stands, the Prayer Meeting Band came over one Wednesday evening and by lantern light the first earth was broken. I believe the first spade was turned by Mrs. Hawley; so we call her the Mother of Pilgrim Church. For three years past she has been a most faithful attendant at the church, wide awake in all its enterprises. For years her right hand had been helpless, yet no one was freer from complaint. The men of the church cheerfully bear testimony that they owe very much to the unswerving confidence of Mrs. Hawley. She had no thought of taking any backward steps. A pastoral call meant greater strength to the pastor than to the parishioner. Her face, beaming with interest, was always an inspiration to one to preach his best, one of those faces that demand the best and appreciate the best.

Mrs. Hawley was born March 1, 1808, in Bristol, Conn. At thirteen years of age, during the great revival, by Nettleton, in 1821, she was converted, and, together with a class of one hundred

united with the church in Farmington, Conn., where her father had been a member for seventy-two years. She was baptized and married by Dr. Noah Porter, father of Noah Porter Jr. Dr. Noah Porter Jr., afterwards President of Yale College, was a school-mate of Mrs. Hawley. Of the class of one hundred who united then she was the last to go on. At the age of twenty-two she was married to Daniel Merrill. Mr. Merrill was one of God's noblemen; one of those who dared to be the minority, or, rather, believed that God and one man is a majority. Their home was one of the stations on the underground railway for blackmen escaping to Canada and freedom. Schools for girls were rare at that time. She studied in a private school in Litchfield, Conn., and there sat under the preaching of Dr. Lyman Beecher. She said that the prayer her father made by her bedside when he brought her to the school shaped her whole life.

Mr. Merrill died in 1825 and in 1854 Mrs. Merrill moved to Westfield, Mass., where she lived for thirty-three years. Of her six children, Mrs. Farnam and her son, Rev. Selah Merrill, D.D., is the consular representative of our government at Jerusalem. In thinking of her son there where the Gospel was first preached, and of her falling asleep here, so many thousands miles away, in the faith of Christ, we realize something of the fruits of Foreign Missions.

Mrs. Hawley was a staunch friend of the American Board. Only the Saturday before her passing away, she asked to have the proceedings of this year's meeting of the Board read to her. She listened with interest to the reading of six columns. The first Sunday of November being communion Sunday, communion was held in the afternoon at her bedside with her family. Though she has been suffering acutely, there was no suggestion of complaint. She asked for the hymn "How Gentle God's Commands." In her own hymn-book there are some hymns marked—this verse,

"Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees,
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his."

She was always fearful that she might not be patient. Yet how grandly patient she was. Dr. Wilcox, bending over her about one o'clock Saturday morning said, "Mrs. Hawley, do you know me?" Clear and strong came the answer, "Yes sir." "Are you happy?" "Yes." One is reminded of the dying testimony of Lady Huntington, "My work is done. I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." It gives me a clear index to her character to know that the 27th Psalm was her favorite. She was a living 27th Psalm. In 1872 she was married to Rev. Francis Hawley, father of Hon. Joseph Hawley of Connecticut. There were three ministers' widows that were quite warm friends. The first one to go was Mrs. Fletcher. And on the occasion of her death Mrs. Hawley cut out and sent to her daughter a little fugitive poem. The next was Mrs. Davis. The daughter of Mrs. Fletcher sent this poem to her friends; now the little poem comes back and is just fitted to express the truth with regard to Mrs. Hawley.

"Oh, softly wave the silver hair
From off that aged brow!
That crown of glory worn so long
A fitting crown is now."

"Fold reverently the weary hands
That toiled so long and well;
And while the tears of sorrow fall
Let sweet thanksgiving swell."

"That life-work, stretching o'er long years,
A varied life has been;
With silver strands by sorrow wrought,
And sunny gleams between."

"Each silver hair, each wrinkle there,
Records some good deed done;
Some flower she cast along the way,
Some spark from love's bright sun."

"Oh, gently fold the weary hands,
That toiled so long and well;
The spirit rose to angel bands,
While off earth's mantle fell."

"She's safe within her Father's home,
Where many mansions be;
Oh, pray that thus rest may come,
Dear heart, to thee and me!"

GEO. L. McNUTT.

"Science and Immortality" is the title of an article in the *Century Magazine* for December. The article is well worth one's reading. The writer's scientific principle is this, that "The universe in all its parts is the visible manifestation to us of an underlying mind, and all interpretation by us of the phenomena of nature should therefore be guided by the assumption of underlying purpose." He holds that a philosophic system like that of Spencer, built round the idea of the "Persistence of Force," might prove a correct one if built around the idea of the "Persistence of underlying purpose." In other words, the existence of an eternal, personal, and purposing energy is the only reasonable explanation of the universe, and all its phenomena.

"In America and in Australia," says an English journal, "the anti foreign movement expresses itself in laws against the immigration of Mongols. The anti foreign movement in China cannot take that shape, as our iron-clads would soon unmistakably declare." Our iron clads, then, dominate the international justice of our time. A nation may regulate immigration as it pleases, if it have guns enough. The golden rule gets established slowly in our human affairs. Our missionaries teach it, but our Christian governments find its logic inconvenient. The logic of the gunboat is quicker and more effective.

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ESTATE OF NORA CONNELLY, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Connelly, administratrix of the estate of Nora Connelly, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at her residence, 1224 Mission street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate.

MARY SICKLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Nora Connelly, Deceased.
Dated San Francisco, November 25th, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF JOSEPHINE A. ROBINSON, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Willis E. Bloss, executor of the estate of Josephine A. Robinson, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at Rooms 42 and 43 No. 330 Pine street, in the City and County of San Francisco—office of R. Thompson, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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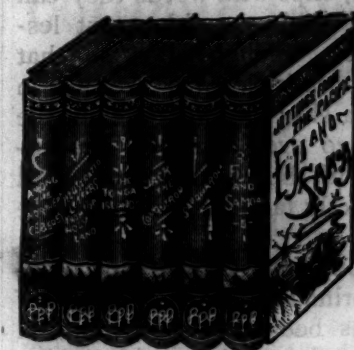
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